

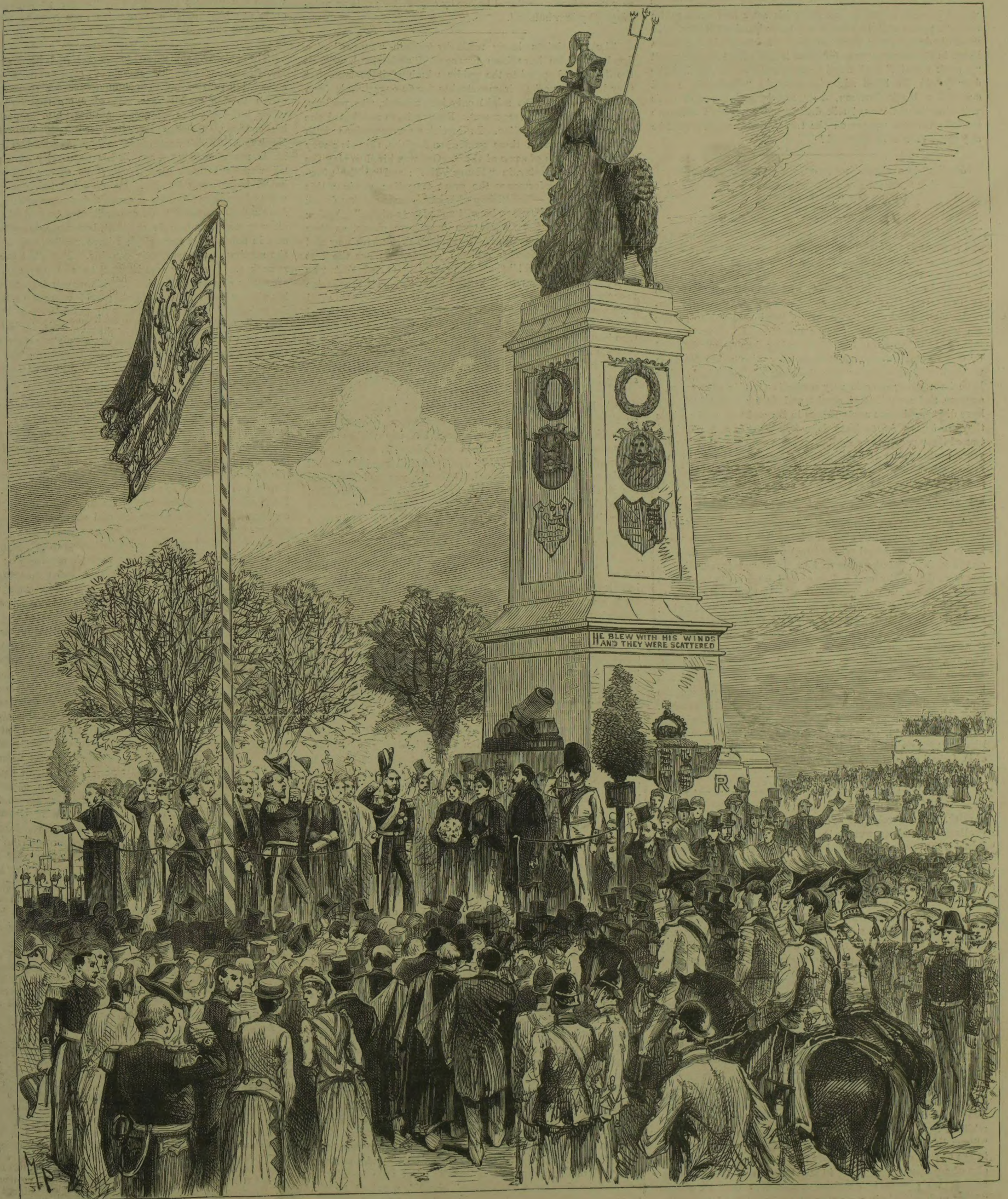
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH UNVEILING THE NATIONAL ARMADA MEMORIAL ON PLYMOUTH HOE.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

It is curious that in the late discussion about English publishers there has been no mention of the "custom of the trade" upon the Continent. The experience of the English author as regards translations is that the German publisher gives him scarcely more than pays for the trouble and expense of posting the advance sheets; that the French publisher promises him more but gives him less; and that the Italian publisher never gives him anything at all. But, to judge from the biography of one great novelist, French publishers do pay the native author, provided it is quite certain he does not want the money. One of them, who had heard of young Balzac as likely to do well, went to call on him, we are told, with the intention of giving him three thousand francs for a novel. Upon finding he lived in an obscure part of the town, however, he determined to reduce this sum to two thousand francs. On arriving at the house, and discovering he lived on the fourth floor, it struck him that fifteen hundred francs would be ample; but on reaching his attic and finding him eating a penny roll, he offered but three hundred francs, with which he bought "La Dernière Fée." I wonder, if one took a house in Grosvenor-square for what lodging-house keepers call "a week certain," and hired a coach-and-four to stand at the door (as in the hotel advertisements in "Bradshaw") and engaged a black footman, à la nabob, and received one's publisher in a flowered silk dressing-gown, with a note-case stuffed with silver paper on the table, whether *that* would be any good to one in England?

Prudery in a woman has long been a jest among us—

"I will not give a kiss," says Prue,

"To naughty man, for I abhor it!"

She will not give a kiss, 'tis true—

She'll take one, though, and thank you for it!

But prudery in the male is of comparatively recent growth, and is generally, though sailing under very different colours, synonymous with pruriency. As with us, so in America; one can remember when it was said that piano-legs were there encased in trousers, and the column of births omitted from the newspapers, in deference to female susceptibility. And now the male prude has also made his appearance in the great Republic. It seems incredible, but it appears that immorality has been detected by three persons—who must have very nice noses for such things—in Longfellow's "The Building of the Ship." They have been going over it very carefully (with a microscope, I suppose, and a small-tooth comb), and flatter themselves they have discovered some nasty things in it; and very nasty minds they must have had to have done it. What is rather serious, two of these persons are said to preside over the education of youth: what is, on the other hand, humorous, the third is a father, who threatens to remove his sons from their seminary if such wickedness as the reading of Longfellow's poems is permitted there.

A gentleman who, to use a not inappropriate but slightly ungrammatical phrase, is "in the know," has been endeavouring to put the episcopal mind at rest with regard to gambling on the turf. "Fabulous sums," he tells us, "no longer change hands on the Derby or St. Leger; and where £100,000 were once laid there are not now £10,000." But this only goes to prove that the leviathans are not so large as they used to be: the little fishes (caught by the simplest baits) are far more numerous. He might just as well expect us to rejoice that there are now no "three bottle men" in the best society: the vice has broadened, and its circles are less defined, that is all. Even a middle-aged man can remember when there was but little betting, save among undergraduates, on even the University Boat Race, and none at all on football matches. There is no pastime of any sort which is not now made the subject of wagers, except, perhaps, archery. That will be like the rest, no doubt, in time, and, from what I have seen of it, I shall always back the target.

It is curious that the meddling (as the scorners put it) of women with politics should be so generally considered to be a novelty. In the reign of Charles I. there were petitions to Parliament (and no wonder!) from quite unusual quarters. From the porters (signed by 15,000); from the apprentices; and even from the beggars: but that from the women was far the most notable. Five thousand of them, "with white ribbons in their hats," and headed by a brewer's wife, went on one occasion to the door of "the House" with a petition for peace. The legislators, reasonably alarmed, returned an immediate and conciliatory answer. "The House," they said, "was no enemy to peace, and doubted not to comply with their request"; in the meantime they "besought them to return to their habitations"—not by any means those of the Primrose League. This did not at all suffice, so the train-bands were called out, and fired upon the ladies. "Pooh!" they said, "it's nothing but powder," and replied to the volley with brickbats: whereupon the troops had the want of gallantry to load in earnest. "They are firing ball; we are off!" was the natural rejoinder, but not before several were slain.

These appeals from the fair sex were, it seems, contrary to law; for one of them, for the release of certain political persons wrongfully imprisoned in 1648, begins (it may be worth the while of the advocates of female suffrage to note!) as follows: "Sheweth that since we are assured of our creation in the image of God, and of an interest in Christ equal unto men, as also of a proportionate share in the freedom of this commonwealth; we cannot but wonder and grieve that we should appear so despicable in your eyes as to be thought unworthy to petition your honourable House. Have we not an equal interest with the men of this nation in their liberties and securities contained in the Petition of Right, and other good laws of the land? Are any of our lives, liberties, limbs, or

goods to be taken from us more than from men, but by due process of law, and conviction of twelve sworn men of the neighbourhood?" The petitioners go on to say with some humour that they have hopes, not, indeed, from the justice of the House, but from the example of "the judge, mentioned in Luke xviii.," who did what was right by reason of the applicant's importunity. It is sad to learn from an historian of the time that the modesty of these ladies' demands were greatly in excess of their behaviour; and one is glad to take refuge in the suggestion that "some of those exciting to tumult were thought to be men in women's clothes."

A delightful example of spread-eagleism is culled by the *Daily News* from a St. Louis newspaper: "One seldom sees a pretty girl in Europe; and, if one does, she is sure to be an American;" but the context is even more significant: "Only the chambermaids" (the only class compelled, one supposes, to meet this scribe on equal terms) "are pretty in England." It is doubtful whether character and conduct have ever been so unconsciously displayed before by any writer; it is an autobiography in a nutshell.

The complaints lately made by certain "supers" at a London theatre have been arranged, I understand, without the threatened appeal to the public, which, if it be true that they had to cut off their moustaches for an engagement for a shilling a night that might only last a week, was, perhaps, fortunate for the management. But we have not heard the other side of the question. In Garrick's correspondence with Stone, who procured these gentlemen for him, there is a very queer description of some of them. One was hired to play the Bishop of Winchester, in "Henry VIII.," and on the afternoon of the performance the great tragedian receives this little note: "Sir,—The Bishop of Winchester is getting drunk at 'The Bear,' and swears he will not play to-night." Again: "Sir,—I have a few Cupids you may have cheap, as they belong to a poor journeyman shoemaker I drink with now and then." To which Garrick replies: "Stone, you are the best fellow in the world!" (having previously stated that "he didn't know a greater rascal"). "Bring the Cupids to the theatre to-morrow. If they are under six and well made, you shall have a guinea apiece for them. If you can get me two good murderers, I will pay you handsomely—particularly the fellow who keeps the apple-stall on Tower-hill; the cut in his face is just the thing." In these days, that guiltless fruitseller would have doubtless brought an action for libel, and obtained swingeing damages.

"A Bride from the Bush" is a novel in that form so greatly admired by the amateur newspaper correspondent upon literary matters, one volume; but one wishes there were more of it. It is very fresh and pleasant, and—though its admirable portrait of Mr. Justice Bligh reminds one of Trollope at his best—original. Whether young ladies from the Bush are really so queer, but also so charming, as Mrs. Alfred Bligh (the Judge's daughter-in-law), my experience is too limited to permit me to express an opinion; but one's sympathies are wholly with her. As to her encircling her lips with her two gloved palms, and giving a "Coo-ee"—just one—in the Judge's carriage in Hyde Park, to attract the attention of her Australian schoolfellow, it was but an impulse of enthusiasm. So far from deserving transportation for life, which was its punishment, it must have enlivened a somewhat formal and conventional scene, and given a class of persons rather at a loss for a topic something really interesting to talk about. Granville Bligh is also a well-sketched character—true to life, too, in not turning out nearly so ill as we all expected. The story is so short, however, that it would be wickeder than usual to reveal its secrets. Let it suffice to say that it is well worth reading.

Another one-volume story of a wholly different kind, Mr. Conan Doyle's "The Sign of the Four," is also to be "highly commended." The end tails off a little—a common fault: it is the case with human life itself—but, on the whole, it maintains a high average of excitement. The data gathered by the amateur detective from the mere inspection of a watch, that its owner must have been the eldest son of his father, with good prospects, thrown away, and that, living chiefly in poverty, with short intervals of prosperity, he had finally died of drink, is really a marvel of logical deduction, and equal to anything of Edgar Poe's. One cannot even say, as in the case of the egg of Columbus, that the problem is easy when you know it, though no one can question its solution. "The Sign of the Four" is a book, as a young lady fond of dramatic sensation once said of her favourite "shilling shocker," "to pant over," but I have read no shocker to be spoken of in the same gasp with it.

A third book, of still another kind, stands in no need of introduction, but only demands a flower of approval on its already well-strewn path. It is not too much to say that since "Vice Versâ" nothing so laughable has been given to a public much unused to laughter as "Voces Populi." Moreover, as in the case of "Alice in Wonderland," the author has found an illustrator in marvellous accord with his peculiar humour. If some grave and reverend signor should escape the Scylla of the letterpress, and keep his countenance, he is certain to lose it in the Charybdis of the pictures. The effect of both, however, on ordinary readers is, I regret to say, to make them roar—a very vulgar thing to do. Of course, there may be somebody—as there was one cultured person who could "see nothing" in "Martin Chuzzlewit"—who will not be moved to mirth by "Voces Populi"; but even he will be gratified by finding a portrait of himself, provided by the foresight of the artist, on page 61, and very like—the gentleman who has "brought the sunshine with him."

There is a good deal of human nature everywhere. Even in that excellent body the Wesleyans, it seems, it has still

some foothold. Complaints are being made by the authorities that "improper books are being circulated through the book room." We need hardly say that they are not what the world calls "improper"; not Zola's works, nor, I am afraid, even any novels at all, however pure and elevating. Fiction is considered by the authorities, I understand, as little better than a roundabout way of lying; with them "a shilling shocker" is really a shocker, just as the primrose (also bound in yellow) was a primrose and nothing more to the superficial observer. No; "one good brother," we are told, "knows of a book that favours immersion," but not published by the Sanitary Association; and another, of one which "countenances promiscuous dancing." Yet "even as it is," reply the book stewards, "our winnowed list" is often returned as "too dry." Worst of all, "an English Methodist author" has been publishing a work in which what the poet calls "the larger hope" is by no means "faintly" dwelt upon. "An immediate cry went up for the name of this book," whereupon Dr. Briggs replies, "Certainly not, you would all want to buy it." From which one gathers that not only "error," as the report goes on to say, but human nature, with even a spice of humour, "occurs in the most unexpected places."

There is always something *naïve* and humorous about Mr. Spurgeon, even in his most serious moments. His splendid liberality and strong commonsense commend themselves to those who have no sort of sympathy with his views, but what the public most admire in him is, perhaps, his candour. He has recently been outdoing himself in frankness. He is "astonished," not at his "moderation"—for he is never moderate—but at his popularity as a preacher. "I wonder I don't grow crusty," he says, "through being baked twice every Sunday. People must think a good deal more of me than I do, for I would not go across the street to hear myself preach!" Of course it may be replied that it is all very well for him to say that, because locomotion in the case in point is not necessary; I have no doubt, however, that the sentiment was perfectly genuine. But what a dangerous remark, and how very sure he must be of his ground! There are many preachers who imitate his ways without emulating his virtues, but which of them would venture to be so self-depreciative? There is nothing in the history of the Pulpit that approaches it. The Rev. John Lewis, it is true, left directions in his will that all his manuscript sermons, of which there were one thousand, were to be destroyed; but this was not from modesty, but "lest they should contribute to the indolence of others."

The most moderate rate at which a sermon, one would think, could be valued by its composer, is to be found in a letter of Shenstone the poet. "Perhaps you may not remember that there is a hat given at Cheltenham for the use of the best foreign [i.e., one conjectures, non-local] preacher, of which the disposal is assigned to Mrs. C. and her heirs for ever. . . . This hat is not quite so valuable as a cardinal's . . . but I am sorry to say, merely for its uses, is an object to many country curates, whose situation and slender means too often excite our blushes as well as compassion." One has heard (from church-going, but too familiar persons) of a sermon "taking the cake," but only in a metaphorical sense; that its excellence should be rewarded with a hat seems, to say the least of it, undignified; nor is even the price indicated; it may have been a Lincoln and Bennett or a "four and nine."

The statement of M. Jules Simon, that the boys and girls of this generation are bored to death when they try to read "Robinson Crusoe," has been questioned; but I am afraid that he is right. They prefer, which seems amazing to the adult, Jules Verne to Defoe. The cause of this, I believe, lies in the quantity of "reflection" in that great author, of which modern youth is very impatient. The same thing occurs—though in that case it is the excess of "description" and introductory matter that is objected to—in the novels of Walter Scott. What to us, who loved the man and all belonging to him, is interesting and attractive is to them "padding." It is no use to be angry about it; we cannot make Jack "love his larning," as his grandmother strove to do in vain, by "beating him with a Jaack chain." He worships literary idols of his own, not even gods of wood, but, as it seems to us, merely of gilt gingerbread; but the ancient worship cannot be restored, as in robuster times, by force of arms. Years ago it was attempted to publish an "abridged edition" of Walter Scott, but the originator of that scheme was convicted (without trial) of blasphemy, and torn by critics of culture into ten thousand pieces. What is, therefore, to be done with the bad taste of our boys and girls?

The result of the soundings for the proposed Channel bridge, which were taken in July and August, have been published in Paris. The route is found to be a little shorter than was expected, and is said to present every guarantee as regards solidity and stability. The depths are not quite so great as they were supposed to be.

An old chessplayer, writing to the *Times* from Belper, says: "Referring to the telegram from America recording the interesting performance by Mr. Steinitz, I do not think it so remarkable as a feat by our own English chess master, Mr. J. H. Blackburne. Some years ago I was one of eight unfortunate players pitted against Mr. Blackburne, he playing the whole of us simultaneously blindfold. The meeting was held at an hotel in Cheadle, Staffordshire. At closing time, eleven o'clock, it was found that all the games were unfinished, and, Mr. Blackburne being willing to continue, the players carried their boards and men to a neighbouring schoolroom. Perhaps such a procession had never been seen before. In the course of transit many of the chessmen were displaced, and the different players were much troubled to ascertain their correct positions. Mr. Blackburne, being informed of the difficulty, offered to call out, blindfold, each game up to the point when we left the hotel. This he did, and in every instance was correct. I need scarcely say that this unique blindfold performance was loudly applauded, and, I think, far more deserving of record than Mr. Steinitz's performance, which, by the way, I have seen many an ordinary chessplayer perform."



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## THE HOME RULER



## THE NATIONAL ARMADA MEMORIAL AT PLYMOUTH.

The monument erected on Plymouth Hoe, designed for a National Memorial of the Defeat of the Spanish Armada, was unveiled on Tuesday, Oct. 21, by his Royal Highness Admiral the Duke of Edinburgh, Naval Superintendent of the port. A large company assembled in the Townhall at noon to meet the Mayor of Plymouth, Alderman Waring, and accompany him to this interesting ceremony; and the procession started for the Hoe in the following order: Band of the Honourable Artillery Company, members of that regiment, carriage with Mayor and Recorder, carriage with Town Clerk and Archdeacon of Totnes, mayors of other towns and members of Parliament, magistrates, aldermen, town councillors, borough officials, officers of the Navy and Army in uniform, Armada committee, clergy and choir, general visitors.

On the Hoe all was in readiness; a dais had been erected close to the Armada Memorial; and a great square was formed around it, one side composed of naval cadets from the Britannia and engineer students behind, some bluejackets, and behind them a saluting battery from her Majesty's ship Cambridge; another side formed of ranks of Royal Marine Light Infantry, more boys from the Britannia, more engineer students, and behind them Volunteer Artillery, men of the 2nd North Stafford Regiment, the 1st Essex Regiment, the 2nd Dorset Regiment, and Royal Artillery; and on the third side, boys from the training-ship Mount-Edgcumbe, boys from her Majesty's training-ships, and behind them men of the 2nd Volunteer Battalion Devon Regiment and of the Hon. Artillery Company. Inside were a guard of honour, naval and military bands, and the combined choirs, with a band to accompany them, close to the memorial on the north side.

The Prince, who had been escorted from Devonport by a detachment of the 1st Royal Devonshire Yeomanry, preceded by Major-General Sir Richard Harrison, K.C.B., General Commanding the Western District, with his staff and escort, came in full naval uniform, attended by his staff. He was received by the Mayor of Plymouth, the Memorial Committee, and the chief naval and military representatives, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Henry Keppel, Lord Alcester, Lord Beauchamp, Inspector-General Fisher, Captain Steward, Captain Harries (Impregnable), Colonel Commandant Heriot (Royal Marine Light Infantry), Captain Wise, Captain Cochrane (Tamar), the Solicitor-General, and many others, including the Earl of St. Germans, Lord St. Leven, Viscount Ebrington, M.P., Captain Price, M.P., Sir George Stucley, Sir George Campbell, and Sir Duncan Campbell.

Mr. Bompas, Q.C., the Recorder of Plymouth, read an illuminated address, which was handed to his Royal Highness; and he read a suitable reply, expressing the Queen's approbation of this loyal and patriotic commemoration of a great event in the history of England. The Archdeacon of Totnes then read a prayer composed for the occasion, which was followed by a hymn, "Praise to God, the God of Battles," the words being by Mr. Wright, secretary to the National Armada Memorial Committee, and the melody, entitled "Victoria," by Mr. H. Morton. Then, at the request of the Mayor, his Royal Highness pulled a cord which detached a covering from the statue of Britannia. More music followed in the form of a national song, "God Bless our Sailor Prince," adapted, probably out of compliment to his Royal Highness's consort, to the Russian National Anthem. This ended the proceedings on the Hoe. The Duke and those who had been invited went in procession to the Townhall, to be the guests of the Mayor at a banquet. The toast of "The Queen" having been received with the usual honours, the Mayor proposed "The Health of the Prince and Princess of Wales and the other members of the Royal family"; and the Duke of Edinburgh spoke to return thanks for the toast. In the evening the streets were crowded, and there was a display of illuminations. A pleasant conversation was given at the Guildhall in honour of the Artillery Company, who are in high favour with the Plymouth people.

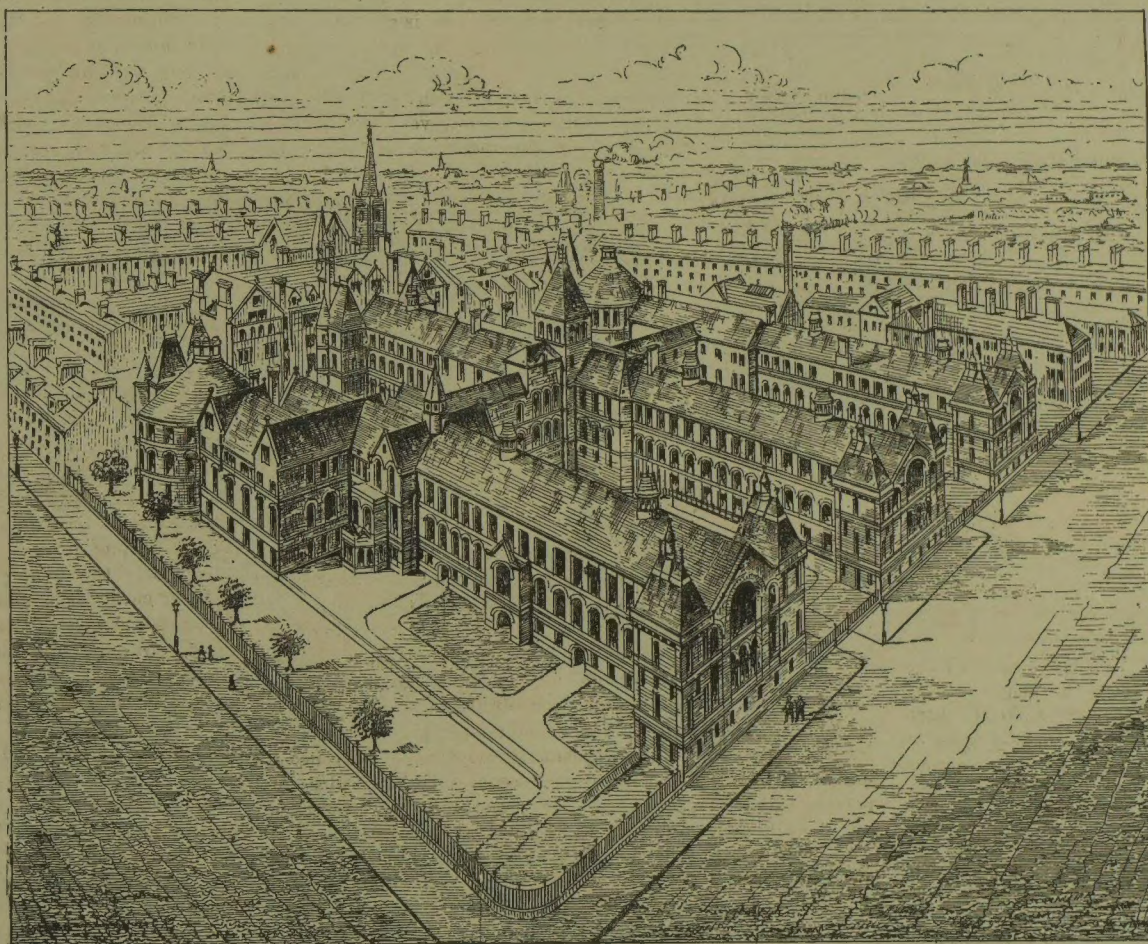
The monument, of which an illustration has been given, was designed by Mr. Herbert Gribble, architect of the Brompton Oratory, but the sculpture is the work of Mr. W. C. May, of Hampstead, who deserves much praise for his colossal bronze statue of Britannia, with shield and trident, and for the accompanying lion, a spirited animal modelled after sketches from life at the Zoological Society's Gardens. The sides of the lofty granite pedestal are adorned with bronze medallion portraits of Lord Howard of Effingham, Sir Francis Drake, Sir John Hawkins, and Lord Henry Seymour; below these are the armorial bearings of several families and towns which bore part in the great naval victory. We regret to observe that the original intention of the National Armada Committee, in this respect, has been most imperfectly carried into execution. It was to have included medallion portraits of Sir William Wintour, Sir Martin Frobisher, and Sir Walter Raleigh, with their armorial bearings. Why is there no record of Vice-Admiral Sir William Wintour, second to Lord Henry Seymour in command of the fleet from Dungeness to Dover, whose ship, the Vanguard, broke through the Spanish lines in the great action of July 29, 1588, in Calais Roads—as represented in Sir Oswald Brierly's well-known picture? For his services on that occasion, as well as with the fire-ships, Queen Elizabeth, specially commending him, together with Sir Francis Drake, made Sir William Wintour Vice-Admiral of England, and granted him "the noblest crest she could give, as an augmentation of honour for his family to bear, to preserve the memory of the same noble action for ever"; being an heraldic device from the arms of the Prince of Wales.

The Archbishop of Dublin, addressing the Synod of the Protestant Church of Ireland, repudiated Mr. Gladstone's assertion at West Calder that the Church was a Church of landlords and squires alone.

## THE NEW ROYAL INFIRMARY, LIVERPOOL.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, on Wednesday, Oct. 29, opened this building, which has been erected on the site of "Pembroke-gardens," between Pembroke-place, Dover-street, Ashton-street, and Brownlow-street, Liverpool. The architect was Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, R.A. The block comprising the administrative offices has a frontage of 184 ft. in Pembroke-place; the wards are arranged in six blocks, connected by two corridors, which meet at the principal staircase. There is a separate obstetric ward; also a lecture-theatre on the ground floor, and an operating theatre, with a top light, on the first floor; doctors' rooms, Sisters' and nurses' rooms, dressing-rooms, an out-patients' department, dispensary and drug stores, a laundry, a mortuary, and all necessary offices. The ward accommodation in all is 290 beds, those for females on the first floor, and those for males on the second floor; there is also a dining-room for convalescents. The chapel is at the west end of the main ground-floor corridor, and a large recreation-hall on the same floor is contrived underneath the south central ward. The administrative block is devoted, on the ground floor, to business offices; on the first floor, to the officers of the staff; on the second floor, to nurses; on the third floor, to maid-servants; and, on the fourth floor, to the kitchens and their adjuncts. A tramway runs direct from the kitchens to the head of the lifts in the centre of the Infirmary. This building is erected of local grey brick, with dressings of red terra-cotta, the roofs being covered with Westmoreland slates. Glazed bricks are used for the interior; the floors are oak blocks laid on concrete, and the drainage of the building has been most carefully arranged by Mr. Roger Field, C.E., in conjunction with the architect. The heating of the building is by steam, generated in boilers placed under the laundry, but not to the exclusion of fireplaces. Messrs. Holme and Green were the contractors for the building.

The fine old Priory Church at Christchurch, Hants, supposed to have been founded early in the Saxon era by King Ina or



THE NEW ROYAL INFIRMARY, LIVERPOOL, OPENED BY THE DUKE OF CLARENCE, OCT. 29.

St. Cathbert, has just received a handsome addition to its interior decoration by the erection, in the south aisle, of a beautiful stained-glass window, the gift of Mrs. Bush, the wife of the present Vicar. It is placed in memory of her father, mother, and uncle, and has been designed and executed by Messrs. Mayer & Co., of Munich, and New Bond-street.

Major-General Chapman, R.A., has been appointed to command the Royal Artillery at Aldershot, in succession to Major-General Williams, R.A.

In the unavoidable absence of Princess Louise, who is now at Balmoral, the Children's Fête at Olympia on Oct. 25 was opened by the Marquis of Lorne, the prizes being delivered by Lady Mary Glyn.

The Duke of Portland opened a hospital on Oct. 27 at Mansfield, in presence of a large number of spectators. His Grace gave a cheque of £500 towards the endowment fund, and has promised to maintain a bed on behalf of the Duchess.

The Taylorian Galleries at Oxford have been reopened, after important alterations and improvements, which it has taken several months to effect. A suite of large and well-lighted rooms has been added to the structure, and in these the Arundel marbles are for the first time properly displayed, together with an excellent collection of casts illustrating each period of Greek art. The famous Turner drawings and Raphael sketches are arranged conveniently upon screens, and the curators of the Bodleian Library have transferred to the renovated galleries the splendid "Dome" engravings, hitherto unseen except by a few connoisseurs.

The "Devonians in London" are making quite a name for the sociability of their annual dinner and annual ball. No wonder they hope ere long to have a club-house of their own. The society, which has an energetic honorary secretary in Mr. John Martin, has Lord Halsbury as president, and numbers such prominent Devonians as the Earl of Mount-Edgcumbe, the Earl of Portsmouth, the Earl of Idlesleigh, Lord Poltimore, Lord Coleridge, Lord Ebrington, M.P., Sir Thomas Dyke Acland, Sir John Mowbray, the Bishop of Marlborough, Mr. Justice Kekewich, Mr. James Anthony Froude, Mr. Henry Hicks Gibbs, Mr. W. T. Madge, Mr. George Wreford, and Mr. Deputy Halse. The annual ball on Oct. 24 was largely attended, and drew a couple of civic notabilities in the Mayors of Barnstaple and Southmolton; and it was generally agreed that the Portman Rooms deserve to rank among the most comfortable Assembly Rooms in London.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

The marriage of Captain De Sèze, of the French Infantry, with Mdle. De Mohrenheim, daughter of the Russian Ambassador in Paris, was solemnised on Oct. 23 at the Church of Ste. Clotilde, the Archbishop of Paris officiating; the civil marriage having taken place on the previous day.—"Cléopâtre," the joint product of M. Sardou and M. Moreau, was given for the first time on Oct. 23, at the Porte Saint-Martin Theatre in Paris, Madame Sarah Bernhardt impersonating the heroine. There was a crowded and deeply interested audience, including numerous celebrities.—Mr. William O'Brien and Mr. Dillon left Havre on Oct. 25 in the French Transatlantic Company's steamer La Champagne, for New York.

King Humbert met with an accident while riding to Milan races on Oct. 26. His horse stumbled and fell on a little wooden bridge on the road between Monza and Milan, owing to a plank giving way. His Majesty, however, immediately remounted without assistance. He was enthusiastically received on the racecourse, whence he returned in a carriage.

Festivities on a large scale took place on Oct. 26 in Berlin, in celebration of the ninetieth birthday of Count Von Moltke. Particulars and illustrations of the event are given on other pages. The German Empress celebrated her thirty-second birthday on Oct. 22. All the members of the Royal family in Berlin and Potsdam went to the New Palace to congratulate her Majesty, and the public buildings in Berlin were decorated with flags and banners in celebration of the occasion. The 27th being the anniversary of the capitulation of Metz, the day was commemorated, as usual every year, by a banquet at the Kaiserhof, which was attended by about eighty officers of various ranks who are especially devoted to the memory of Prince Frederick Charles, who commanded the army of investment. Additional significance was lent to this year's banquet by the presence of the Emperor himself, who was accompanied by the son of the late Red Prince, Frederick Leopold, as well as by his son-in-law, the Duke of Connaught, the latter wearing the uniform of the Ziethen Hussars, which was also the regiment of Prince Frederick Charles, who thence derived his sobriquet of "Red."—Prince Albert of Prussia, the Regent of Brunswick, has conferred the Grand Cross of the Order of Henry the Lion upon the Duke of Connaught. The King of the Belgians has arrived at Potsdam, and a banquet in his honour was given at the New Palace.

The States-General of the Netherlands met on Oct. 28 at The Hague, and received the report of the Ministers to the effect that the King was at present unable to carry on the Government. The Chambers adjourned to the following day.

Prince Ferdinand opened the session of the Bulgarian Sobranje on Oct. 27, and in the speech from the Throne announced that he would continue the policy which in the past three years had produced such good results in the emancipation and progress of the country.

The Greek Government sustained a severe defeat at the elections which took place on Oct. 27, barely one third of the seats being secured by their candidates; and the Ministry have in consequence resigned.

The Iron and Steel Institute delegates arrived at Washington on Oct. 26, and were received during the afternoon by the President of the United States in the East Room of the White House. In the evening there was a promenade concert. The feeling against Italian residents is becoming so strong in New Orleans that many respectable

Italians are seeking protection from their Consul. A steamer from Italy with over 1000 Italian immigrants arrived on Oct. 25, but the passengers were not allowed to land.

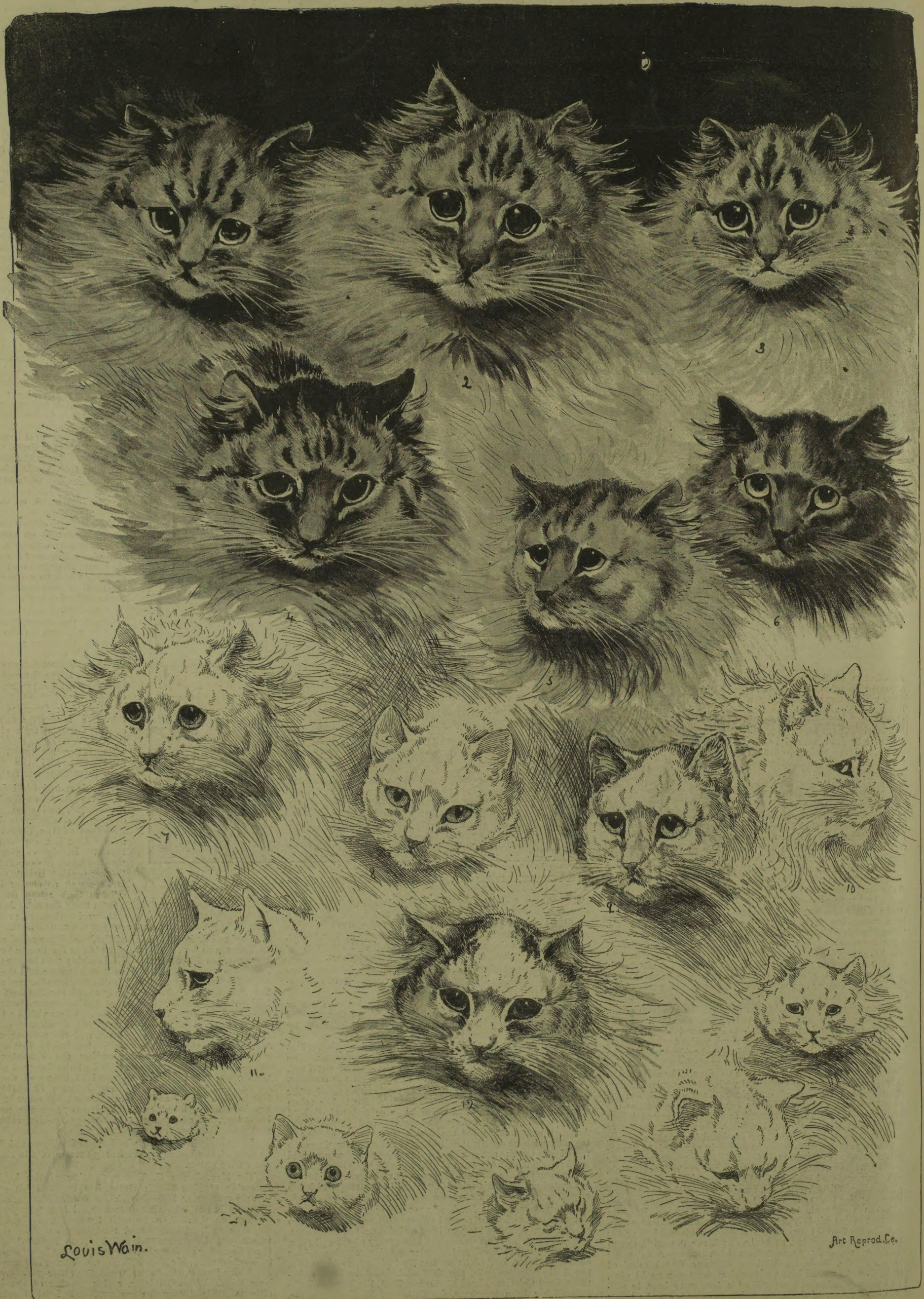
Lord and Lady Aberdeen and Professor Drummond returned to Toronto on Oct. 23 from their visit to the Pacific Coast and the Canadian North-West. His Lordship says he has satisfied himself by personal observation that Manitoba and the North-West Territories furnished admirable openings for men who had the capacity to work. The party sailed for England on the 25th.—Lord Stanley of Preston, the Governor-General, has completed his tour in Nova Scotia. When visiting the coal and iron mines of Pictou County, his Excellency said that there was prosperity on every hand, and the people were contented and happy; and he predicted a bright future for the maritime provinces, notwithstanding the McKinley Tariff Bill.—About 400 guests assembled at the banquet given by the French inhabitants of Montreal in honour of the Comte de Paris.—The Canadian Railway between Lethbridge, the North-West, and Great Falls, in Montana, 198 miles in length, has been finished and taken over from the contractor after inspection. It connects the Lethbridge fields of bituminous coal with the United States.

In opening Lady Dufferin's Hospital for Women at Bombay on Oct. 24, the Viceroy spoke in high terms of the charity of the native chiefs.

The Hon. James H. Young, Speaker of the Legislative Assembly of New South Wales, has resigned his post, for private reasons, and Mr. Joseph Palmer Abbott, member for Wentworth, has been elected to succeed him unopposed.—At Sydney, on Oct. 27, a farewell banquet was given by the colonists to Lord Carrington, the Governor. The company was large and distinguished, and included the Earl of Hopetoun, Governor of Victoria; the Earl of Kintore, Governor of South Australia; Sir Henry Norman, Governor of Queensland; Sir Henry Parkes, the Premier, and the other members of the New South Wales Ministry, and a number of the leading citizens. Sir Henry Parkes proposed Lord Carrington's health, which was drunk with great enthusiasm. Many other farewell ceremonies have taken place in honour of the outgoing Governor.

In the Queensland Legislative Assembly, on Oct. 25, the Hon. J. M. Macrossan's motion—that the separation of Northern Queensland was desirable for the whole colony—was defeated by 32 to 26 votes.





1. Mrs. Yarborough's silver Persian "Silver Charm," highly commended.
2. Miss F. Moore's silver Persian "Columbine," first prize.
3. Mrs. Vallance's silver Persian "Pearl," commended.
4. Miss Southam's long-haired brown tabby, second prize.

5. Miss E. Emming's long-haired red tabby, "Sam," first prize.
6. Mr. J. W. Townsend's blue Persian "Goblin," third prize.
7. Miss L. Abbott's white Persian "Beauty," first prize.
8. Mrs. T. Weightman's white short-haired cat "Samson," first prize.

9. Mrs. V. Swan's white short-haired cat "Dot," second prize.
10. Miss Boddington's white Persian "Ba-Ba," first prize and silver medal.
11. Miss Bullpitt's white Persian "Jumbo," first prize.
12. Mr. H. Smith's Persian "Ross."



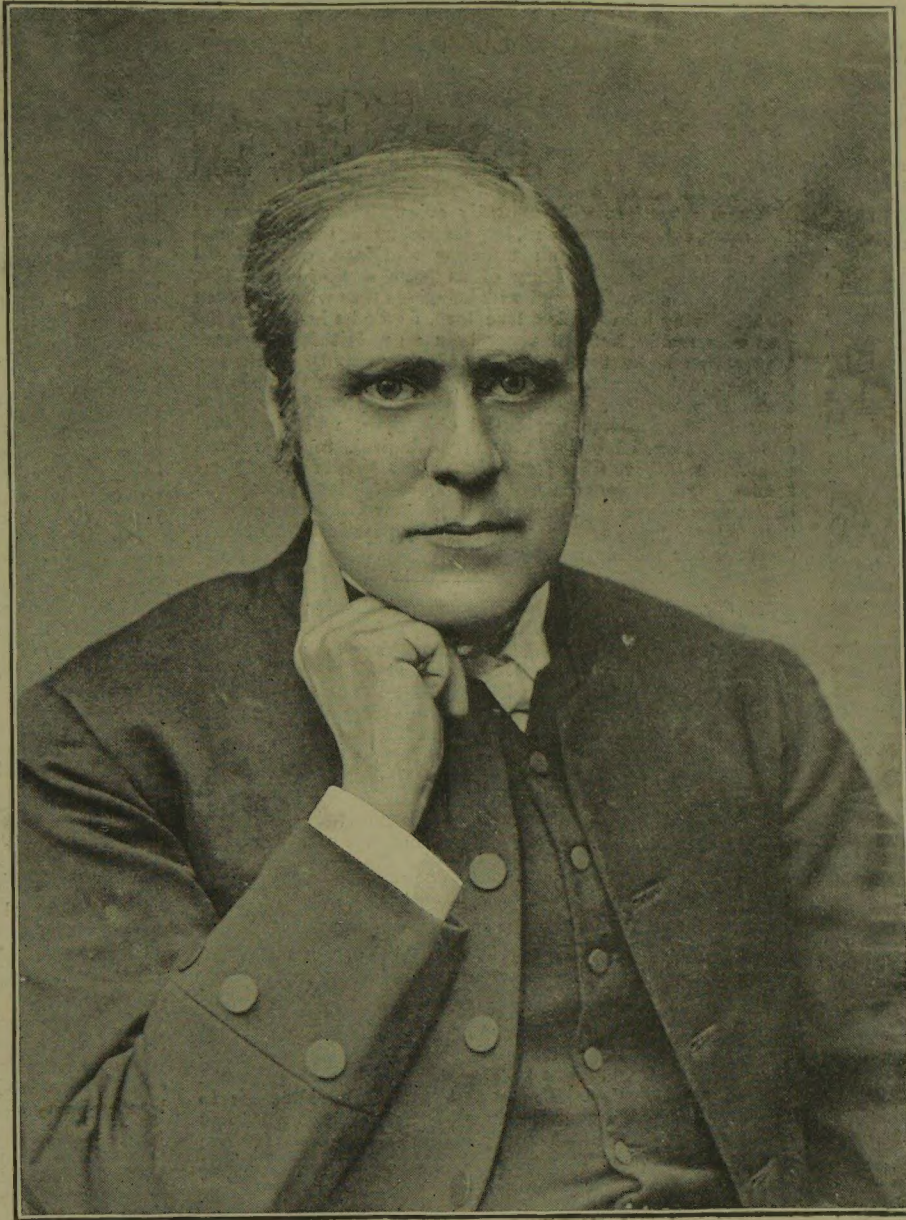
## THE NEW BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

The Very Rev. Randall Thomas Davidson, D.D., Dean of Windsor, Bishop-Designate of Rochester, was born in 1848. He was educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Oxford. He took his degree with honours in Law and History in 1871, and three years afterwards took Holy Orders. His first curacy was at Dartford, in Kent. He was selected by the Archbishop of Canterbury as his chaplain and private secretary in 1877, and married the Archbishop's second daughter, Miss Edith Tait. He was responsible for most of the arrangements made for the Conference of Bishops held at Lambeth in 1878. Bishop Lightfoot, of Durham, appointed him examining chaplain in 1880. In 1882 he became sub-almoner and honorary chaplain to the Queen, and preacher at Canterbury Cathedral. In 1883 Mr. Davidson was appointed to the deanery of Windsor, and resident chaplain to the Queen. He received the honorary degree of D.D. from the University of St. Andrews, and in 1885 he was select preacher at Cambridge. Dr. Davidson has contributed many articles on historical and ecclesiastical subjects to magazines and periodicals. He is a trustee of the British Museum, member of the governing bodies of Eton and Wellington, and Registrar of the Order of the Garter.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Russell and Sons, of Baker-street.

## THE CAT SHOW.

The twenty-first annual National Cat Show, opened on Oct. 21, was the largest ever held at the Crystal Palace, the entries numbering 547. It took place in the north nave, instead of one of the galleries, as in former years. All the classes were well represented, and, as usual, the cats were the object of much curiosity and admiration on the part of the visitors. The following exhibitors were awarded special prizes: For the best short-haired cat in the exhibition, Mr. H. Young; for the best long-haired cat in the exhibition, Miss L. Abbott; for the best cat in Classes 22 and 28, Mrs. H. B. Thompson; for the best pair of self-coloured long-haired kittens, under three months



THE NEW BISHOP OF ROCHESTER, THE VERY REV. R. T. DAVIDSON, D.D.

old, Miss Walker; for the best pair of self-coloured long-haired kittens, between three and six months old, Mr. R. Taylor; for the best cat in Classes 1 to 8, Mr. H. Young; for the best cat in Classes 9 to 18, Mrs. H. Young; for the best two kittens in Class 19, Mr. G. Lister; for the best cat in Classes 20 to 25, Miss F. Moore; for the best cat in Classes 26 to 31, Miss L. Abbott; for the best two kittens in Classes 32 to 35, Miss Walker; for the best cat in Classes 37 to 40, Mrs. Carr; for the best cat in Classes 41 to 44, Miss Boddington; for the best cat in Classes 45 to 53, Mrs. Haycraft.

The Sketches made by our Artist, Mr. Louis Wain, are good examples of the characteristic graces and gestures of our feline domestic pets; and we have the pleasure of announcing that Mr. Louis Wain has been elected President of the National Cat Club, in the place of Mr. Harrison Weir, who has resigned that office. This club was instituted, a few years ago, to promote the breeding of pure cats of each distinct breed known in England; to define the true types of such breeds; and by giving prizes and medals, supporting and originating shows, to improve the race of cats. Apply to Mr. J. W. Townsend, the hon. secretary, at Wendreda, Lancaster-road, Wimbledon.

By her Majesty's command, the Government institution now known as the Normal School of Science and Royal School of Mines is to be called the Royal College of Science, London.

Sir John Stirling-Maxwell has opened the Maxwell Park, and laid the memorial-stone of the new Burgh Buildings at Pollokshields, which are both his gift to the town.

The *Gazette* announces that her Majesty has been pleased to approve of the Earl of Macclesfield being appointed Vice-Lieutenant of the county of Oxford during the absence of the Earl of Jersey, the Lord Lieutenant.

The Duke of Connaught remains on the Continent in order to represent the Queen at the marriage of Princess Frederick of Prussia with Prince Schaumburg-Lippe at Berlin. Princess Christian, the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, and other members of the Royal family, and Major-General Du Plat, aide-de-camp to the Queen, will also be present.



"THE FOSTER MOTHER."—BY E. VON BERGEN.



## NOVELS.

*A Marked Man.* By Ada Cambridge. Three vols. (W. Heinemann.)—The literary merits of this novel are considerable, besides its deeply interesting appeal to manly and womanly sympathies, and to a just allowance for the rights of pure affection, restrained by the strict obligations of morality, in the case of a rash and rather unhappy early marriage. It is a difficult problem to manage, either in reality or in fiction; but the authoress has treated it with rare delicacy and refinement, and in complete accordance with legal and conventional rules of matrimonial fidelity, while forcibly presenting the situation of blameless persons, finding themselves, when it is too late, the mutual objects of a lifelong congenial attachment. Their love has never been sinful; they part in sorrow, lose sight of each other for more than twenty years, and meet again, in middle age, solemnly and fervently to renew, for a brief space of remaining life, the intercourse of two noble and constant minds, under circumstances permitting its lawful consummation. No injury is done to the first wife of Richard Delavel by this tardy vindication of a love far truer and nobler than she was ever worthy to inspire. While she lived, Annie Delavel had all the kindness and assiduous care of an honest husband, who manfully concealed his own disappointment with the shallowness and selfishness of her nature, surrounded her with domestic luxury and tokens of social esteem, and dwelt with her in peace and honour, never allowing her to know of the existence of another woman whose sweeter and loftier spirit had made an indelible impression on his heart. This almost tragic secret, however, is accidentally discovered by the daughter, Susan Delavel, a brave and good young woman, her father's true companion and comforter, whose filial behaviour, compassionate towards him, but dutiful and just to her unloving mother, in frankly insisting on reverence for the rights of a parent from whose unkindness she has suffered, is a beautiful example of feminine virtues. It is, on the whole, a sad story, that of a great waste of affections in youth and during the vigour of manhood and womanhood, followed by a short happy union which terminates in the death of Constance and Richard Delavel. The first wife, Annie, had been drowned by a boating accident in Sydney Harbour; otherwise there are no sudden disasters to narrate. But the natural consequences of a fatally mistaken premature choice pervade the entire history; and these are truthfully exhibited, with the alleviation earned by patient courage in the path of duty.

It seems to us questionable whether the title, "A Marked Man," is a sufficiently appropriate designation of the case of Richard Delavel, under his peculiar embarrassments in middle life. When he was a young Oxford undergraduate, he offended his father, the haughty Squire of Dunstanborough, by declaring himself a freethinker and refusing to study for the Church family living, and then, having clandestinely married a farmer's pretty daughter, he was driven away from his family, almost penniless and friendless. This title might perhaps describe his juvenile disgrace. But any social stigma from such venial antecedents would have no effect afterwards on a successful Australian colonist, a rich merchant and shipowner, master of one of the finest villas at Darling Point, with a wife who had acquired the tastes and manners of a leader of fashion in Sydney. How is Mr. Delavel outwardly "marked," except as one of the cleverest and most prosperous men of his class? He is simply the victim of an act of boyish folly, and of the pernicious notion, as we cannot but think, that a youth of twenty may bind himself, legally or morally, to a girl of seventeen, and may give her a just claim to marry him, in spite of his own more wise and deliberate after-judgment. This unfortunate boy Dick, having saved Annie Morrison from peril in the rising tide on the sea-sands, takes a fancy to her pretty face, dances with her at a rollicking assembly of rustic company, drinks too much beer and whisky, is caught kissing her in the garden, and, being half intoxicated, makes her a promise of marriage, to which he is fastened by the stern attitude of her friends. His generosity and sense of honour then induce him to fulfil the promise, deceiving his parents, leaving his college at Oxford for a wedding secretly performed in London. He has no means of supporting his wife, who returns to her father, while Dick emigrates to Australia, and there makes his own way in the world. Annie is vain, selfish, idle, cold-hearted, only proud of having married a gentleman, and declines to join him until he has got through the hardest part of his struggle. In the meantime, he has suffered a prolonged dangerous illness, being almost destitute, and has been kindly nursed at Sydney by a widow lady and her daughter, in whose house he lodged. They did not know he was married; Constance Bethune and he came to love each other innocently, on her part ignorantly; she hastened to depart instantly on learning the truth; he recovered, improved his position, and sent for his wife from England, after which he forbore to seek any communication with the woman he loved. This is a story of much sorrow, but not a story of guilt.

Two thirds of the story being laid in Australia, there is much freshness in the pictures of scenery and of the habits of domestic living. We get delightful views of both shores of Port Jackson or Sydney Harbour, with their pleasant mansions and gardens, and with a private encampment maintained by Mr. Delavel beyond Mossman's Bay, in sight of the ocean at the Heads. Susan loves to go there with her father, escaping from the irksome primness and cold worldly conventionality that rule Mrs. Delavel's household; the girl has learnt of him to read and think freely of philosophy, politics, and religion; and their conversations are joined by Noel Rutledge, a man of thirty, highly educated, intellectual, and earnest, who has conscientiously resigned his living as a clergyman, has asserted his opinions, and is earning a small income by writing for the Press. Rutledge and Susan are soon a pair of engaged lovers, with the conditional approval of her generous father, who will take Rutledge into his business office in Pitt-street, to be trained for a junior partnership; but her mother, resolved that she shall marry for rank and wealth, treats her with cruel severity, actually confining her to her room. A foolish but good-natured visitor from England, young Lord Boyton, takes the two ladies out in a boat, which is run down by the Orient steam-ship, and Mrs. Delavel's life is lost. The first outburst of sincere grief in the hearts both of her husband and of her daughter, forgetting all her faults, accusing themselves with silent remorse for their past conscious estrangement from her, is truthfully expressed; but one feels that this hard cold woman's death is not an untoward event. After some days, in a night of lonely musing on his strange condition, the man, whose ardent love has been hitherto sternly rebuked by a sense of honour and duty, perceives his new liberty of action. He knows that Constance, now a widow and left childless, Mrs. Ellicott, in poverty and alone in the world, is still living; Susan has met her by chance; the secret of her old relations to him was revealed by circumstances, and was acknowledged by him to his faithful daughter, who is to him almost as a sister. He resolves to go in search of Constance, who has been wandering over America and Europe, and to bring her home as his second wife. The admirable part of the story is the conflict of womanly feelings in Susan's mind; her

becoming opposition to this step, for some time, from regard for her mother, and from a notion that it is unworthy of her father; then her gradual relenting, aided by the happiness of her own frank love for Noel Rutledge, to a milder and juster view of the question. Few and simple are the remaining incidents. Delavel sails for Europe, finds Mrs. Ellicott in declining health, weds her and tends her with more than the fondness of youth, returns with her to Sydney, and there she dies; his life, at the age of fifty, is not prolonged, but he has seen his daughter happily united to the man of her choice.

Some reflections will naturally arise. The moral tone of this story, rightly considered, is pure and noble, though it deals with the problem of an unhappy marriage, endured till the period of relief. Many of us have seen, in real life, instances of a man's second wife being his true wife, and even of her having been his first true love, where he had taken the first wife rashly, but had never been an unfaithful husband. Compassion is due to such cases, and they may be soothed or consoled in different ways; but the lesson which they should teach is a warning against inconsiderate youthful engagements. The common prudential objections, whether social and pecuniary, educational, or physiological, to early marriages, should have their just weight; but that of the natural immaturity of characters, and the danger of future incompatibility, seems a far graver objection. A novelist who ventures to take this line, contrary to the ordinary practice of novelists, deserves our serious approval.

*A Cigarette-Maker's Romance.* By F. Marion Crawford. Two vols. (Macmillan and Co.)—It is a feat of rare genius, such as Mr. Marion Crawford, Mr. Bret Harte, and very few other writers of our language seem to possess, with the combination of half a dozen personages living amid the trivial circumstances of common, sordid industrial life, and stirred by a train of petty incidents comprised within two days and nights, to produce a story which is not only humorous but intensely pathetic, growing even beautiful in the glow of genuine human emotions. Nothing of this kind, wrought with apparent ease by sure and direct touches of true dramatic power, can be much better than the simple tale of what happened in the workshop of Herr Fischelowitz, the South Russian tobaccoconist at Munich; how one of his five workpeople was a poor gentleman, younger son of Count Skariatine, disinherited and exiled, drudging for a scanty livelihood and dreaming of speedy restoration to wealth and the privileges of his rank; how the young Polish orphan girl, Vjera, pitying his misfortunes, admiring his gentle dignity and fortitude, gave him her pure maidenly heart; and then how a sudden squall of trouble, arising from a trumped-up affair, but hugely magnified by his chivalrous sentiment of honour and by her compassionate terrors, brought their souls together under the seal of a sacred affection. The ascent from the ridiculous to the sublime, which may be, in real life, as short a step as the proverbial fall the other way, is one of the most effective imaginative movements. It could hardly be more forcibly exemplified than it is here by making the "Wiener Gigerl," a silly toy puppet figure of a dancing grotesque dandy strutting and posturing on a musical box, the unconscious cause of such great alarm and passionate distress, and of an heroic act of womanly self-sacrifice performed by the humble girl for the man she has long timidly loved. This absurd ornament of the tobaccoconist's shop window had been accepted, for a bad debt, from a questionable foreigner rashly introduced by the Count, who knew too little about him; and the shrewish, niggardly wife of Fischelowitz, grudging the money it had cost, disbelieving the respectability of the Count himself, and denouncing his alleged high birth as either an imposture or an insane delusion, one day quarrelling with her husband, knocked the Gigerl off the counter, breaking it perhaps beyond repair. It was the eve of a Wednesday confidently expected by the Count to be the day of his actual deliverance from poverty; and he had just taken friendly leave of his companions in the cigarette-manufactory, handsomely refusing the wages of his last day's work, as he bade Herr Fischelowitz a kindly farewell. He thought he was to be a rich man the next day; so, having calmly endured the insulting reproaches of the termagant Akulina, and beheld her smashing act of fury, he generously made peace for the honest tradesman by purchasing the wreck of the toy, promising on his word of honour as a gentleman to pay for it fifty marks, equal to £2 10s., by the Wednesday night. The Count had only fourteen pence in the world; but he had received a letter from Russia telling him of the deaths of his father and his invalid elder brother; and he had felt certain of the arrival, next day, of accredited messengers to hail him as lawful heir to the paternal estate. So he made a parcel of the shattered Gigerl, and went to his frugal supper at a cheap restaurant, where he again met his two comrades of the workshop, a Germanised Cossack known in Munich as Johann Schmidt, and Dumnoff, a burly Russian moujik, a discharged coachman, both honest fellows, with whom he sat at table.

Here begins the trouble; when he opens his parcel to show them the Gigerl, it is seen and claimed by a German porter, from whom it had been stolen when he was carrying it from a toy warehouse six months before. There is a squabble and a scuffle; the police are called in; Schmidt escapes, Dumnoff assaults the police; and the Count and Dumnoff are locked up in prison for the night, while Schmidt, with the terrified girl Vjera, runs about the city in vain, seeking their employer Fischelowitz, whose evidence would get the Count released. He is of course set free next morning, and waits at home all day for the arrival of the fortune-bringing Russian messengers; but at night there is no news of them, and he is plunged into despair. His mind is severely shaken, and a crisis of brain excitement leaves him in a condition to doubt the reality of his former beliefs. Were not they, after all, quite illusory, as the others, even Vjera, always thought they were? The recent letter from Russia, examined again, looks like the writing of an illiterate woman pretending to be the stewardess of his father's household; and Schmidt suspects a trick played by the malicious Akulina, who could have got it posted by her friends in Russia. Meanwhile, the Count, who has more than Quixotic notions, remembering his voluntary solemn promise to pay the money that night, prepares for suicide from dread of personal dishonour. He is saved, at the last hour, by the devoted girl, who does not try to reason with him, as a man would do, but, aided by the faithful Schmidt, in various ways, procures little sums of money, selling or pawning different articles, lastly offering for sale her greatest treasure, her dead mother's hair, but gladly, instead of that, being shorn of her own living hair, which was her only feature of beauty. All this part of the action is told in a manner that excites the strongest interest. We should like to see it in a play on the stage. Vjera, already entitled to regard the poor Count as her lover, brings him the money just in time. He pays Fischelowitz at once, and has scarcely done so before the Russian Consul enters with his father's lawyer, to inform him that his dream is realised. The humble Vjera, as the Countess Skariatine, goes to Russia with the man whom she has saved.

## MR. GLADSTONE IN MIDLOTHIAN.

Mr. Gladstone has brought his Midlothian campaign to a close. On Oct. 22 he inspected the Forth Bridge, and afterwards paid a visit to the Earl of Rosebery at Dalmeny. At a meeting of the Edinburgh Women's Liberal Association, in the afternoon, an address was presented to Mrs. Gladstone, and a vote of confidence in the right hon. gentleman was passed. On the 23rd he devoted the second of his speeches to his Midlothian constituents chiefly to the subject of the relations of capital and labour, and the position and prospects of the manual labourers of the country. This was the main substratum of his eloquent address; but excursions were also made during its course in the direction of Ireland and of Eccles. On the 24th Mr. Gladstone devoted the afternoon to a round of visits in Edinburgh. With Mrs. Gladstone and a few others he was conducted over St. Giles's Cathedral and the Free Library, and afterwards returned to the residence of his host at Rothsay-terrace. The third of Mr. Gladstone's series of addresses to his constituents was delivered at Dalkeith on the 25th. The meeting was held in the Corn Exchange, which was made, by the addition of temporary galleries, to hold about 3000 persons. Provost Gray was voted to the chair, and he was supported by several members of Parliament. On Sunday, the 26th, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone attended Divine service at Roslin Chapel, near Edinburgh.

Mr. Gladstone gave his fourth and last address at the Edinburgh Music Hall. He referred again to the Disestablishment of the Scotch Church, remarking that the work, when the time comes, must be done equitably and with even a tender regard for life interests. Mr. Gladstone left Edinburgh on the morning of the 29th for Dundee, travelling by way of the Forth and Tay Bridges.

A correspondent informs us that the Earl of Caithness was agent of the Bank of Scotland in Aberdeen previous to his accepting the title, and not of the National Bank, as stated in our last issue.

For presentation to the City of Melbourne, M. Lucien Besche, the clever French artist, has painted a remarkably good portrait of Mr. Gibson Miller, the enthusiastic Australian yachtsman, in his Royal Yacht Squadron uniform.

At a general assembly of the Royal Society of British Artists the following were elected members of the society: John Fulwood, W. H. Llewellyn, and J. A. Lomax (members), and E. Burne-Jones, A.R.A., and John Burr (honorary members).

In Congregation of Oxford University, a motion by Professor Case, rendering it incumbent on women candidates for the bachelorship of medicine to pass the same preliminary examination in the classical languages as men, was negatived by a majority of one.

At Manchester Cathedral, on Oct. 28, in the presence of the Bishop of the diocese and other dignitaries, Dr. Maclure, late Vicar of Rochdale, was installed as Dean of Manchester. The new Vicar of Rochdale, the Rev. J. M. Wilson, was sworn in as Archdeacon of Manchester.

The *London Gazette* of Oct. 28 contains an announcement by the Lord Chamberlain to the effect that the Queen has been pleased to command, on the recommendation of her Majesty's Chapel Royal Commission, that the Chapel Royal, Whitehall, shall be permanently closed.

Sir Charles H. T. Crosthwaite, K.C.S.I., has been appointed a member of the Council of the Governor-General of India, in succession to Sir Charles A. Elliott, K.C.S.I., who will shortly assume the office of Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, in the room of Sir Stuart Bayley, K.C.S.I., C.I.E.

The Registrar-General reports that the deaths registered in London in the week ending Oct. 25 were 1649, exceeding by eleven the average for the corresponding weeks of the past ten years. There was, however, a slight decline in the death-rate per thousand. The deaths from measles, scarlet fever, and diseases of the respiratory organs considerably increased.

Mr. H. M. Stanley, accompanied by Mrs. Stanley, left Euston for Liverpool on Oct. 27, and in the evening delivered a lecture on "Equatorial Africa" at the St. George's Hall, before a crowded audience. The next day Mrs. Stanley, accompanied by her husband, opened the new buildings of the Boys' and Girls' Refuges, Strangeways, Manchester. They sailed for America on the 29th.

Dr. Danford Thomas, coroner, held an inquest at Hampstead, on Oct. 28, touching the deaths of Mrs. Phoebe Hogg and her infant daughter, eighteen months old, who were found murdered recently. Mrs. Pearcey is in custody on the charge of having committed the crime. Evidence was given to show that on the night of the murder the accused was seen wheeling a perambulator heavily laden, and also that she had more than once pressing invited the deceased to visit her. The jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against the prisoner.

Sir Charles Strickland was in the chair at a meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society, on Oct. 28, when Dr. Masters read a paper on "Trees and Shrubs for Towns," in which he spoke with admiration of the plane-trees of Berkeley-square. Mr. Wythes said that, from his Manchester experience, he found rhododendrons eminently successful in towns. Mr. George Paul added a few words, and Messrs. William Paul illustrated the lecture by a collection of the leaves of hardy shrubs for which they received a bronze medal, with a first-class certificate for a new barberry. Other members joined in the discussion. Several prizes were given.

The bells of St. Clement ushered in the harvest festival on Oct. 23. The old church was charmingly decorated, and unless the continual traffic had testified to its position in the Metropolis, the profusion of wheat, barley, and oats elegantly arranged, with choice flowers and fruit, would have led to the supposition that it was situated in the midst of cornfields. The exquisitely carved oak pulpit, said to be the finest in this country, above which on the north the learned lexicographer Dr. Samuel Johnson used to worship, was brightened with scarlet and white flowers, large bunches of grapes gracefully adorning the panels, with a floral cross in the centre. The choir stalls, which have been enlarged to accommodate forty, the desks, lectern, and font, also displayed a beautiful blending of varied foliage, fruit, and flowers, but the altar was gorgeous with a mass of white chrysanthemums, cactus, dahlias, and scarlet geraniums, the emblematical anchor of the parish forming the most prominent design. The Archdeacon of London preached the sermon, and on Sunday Canon Benham in the morning and Canon Elwyn in the evening. The choir, aided by friends, under the direction of Mr. Knapp, sustained with heartfelt vigour the jubilant character of the services, the "Hallelujah Chorus" of Handel displaying great care and merit. Harvest offerings were earnestly solicited by the preachers for the 10,000 poor of the Clare Market and Drury-lane districts, and huge loaves of bread for the same purpose were displayed in the west gallery. The attendances at all the services were very large.



## THE PLAYHOUSES.

Once more, after a long course of wandering, the French Plays have returned to the pretty theatre in King-street, St. James's, where for many a long year they were housed by Mr. Mitchell, of Bond-street. Of course, the theatre has been practically rebuilt since then, but M. Meyer's company, with Madame Chaumont at present at its head, is acting on the site of the house where our forefathers saw the mighty Rachel herself, and where Herr Devrient played Hamlet. It is a strange but true circumstance that in the memorable days when French actors and actresses were "boycotted" in London they were still allowed to act at the St. James's Theatre. A company from the Théâtre Historique in Paris once came over to the Adelphi to play "Monte Cristo," and were hooted off the stage. But, after a series of disgraceful scenes, they were sulkily permitted to take themselves off to King-street, as it was considered that they could do no harm to English art in that corner of London. But it was at the St. James's Theatre that Madame Chaumont made her first appearance in London, when she played the naughty little "Madame attend Monsieur," and sang "La Première Feuille" with caressing charm. She has come back to us as clever and "tricky" as ever, and has brought with her Sardou's clever satire "Divorçons," in a character she "created" in Paris. But she does not bring with her her old companion Daubrey, who played the podgy little unctuous husband, whose views of the new law of divorce are so practical and withal so comical. But there is not so much excitement about French plays as there used to be, even in the fashionable world, for the very good reason that English acting is far better now than it was thirty or forty years ago. It must have galled our own artists to hear French acting so continually praised, and French art compared with our own, and immensely to our disadvantage. There is no need to do so any longer. At a dozen theatres acting can be seen as good as that now presented at the French Plays, and only great favourites like Mrs. John Wood or Miss Lottie Venne would be allowed to get out of the picture as Chaumont occasionally does in "Divorçons." The little lady is very funny, but if such acting were to be seen on the English stage it would be called "clowning."

The Balacava heroes cannot complain any longer of bad treatment, for the excellent fund for their relief has been supplemented by a gift of one thousand guineas obtained by the good offices of Mr. George Edwardes, the managing director of the Empire Theatre. The matinee for the "veterans" was a great success. Charles Warner recited the Laureate's famous Charge magnificently. Mr. Hayden Coffin sang a new song, "The Balacava Ride," by Mr. Cunningham Bridgman and Mr. Wilfred Bendall, with great effect, and the public had a chance of seeing the old soldiers, for they were paraded on the stage for inspection, and lustily cheered. I am told that it is perfectly true that one or two of these old soldiers are in the workhouse, but the fault is theirs, not that of the ungrateful public. A nice little sum is awaiting them when they can have the moral courage to resist "a little drop." It would be worse than folly to put sixty or seventy pounds into a man's hands in order that it might be wasted in the public-house.

One of the most interesting benefits fixed for November is that in favour of the widow and child of the late Mr. Charles Du Val, a great favourite with everybody. This excellent and provident fellow, who so often assisted others in their distress, had left a little annuity for his wife and child, but they have lost every farthing through the failure of a trustee. Mrs. Du Val honourably refused a benefit which was pressed upon her at the time of her husband's death, but now she is forced to take one. Nearly all the managers in London have come forward to help the good cause, and the benefit is likely to be a bumper one. The dramatic profession is known to be the most charitable of all professions, and they come forward loyally, men and women alike, to help the wives and children of dead comrades. I am asked, in my capacity of chairman of the Du Val Committee, to remind the many friends of Charles Du Val, both at home and abroad, that subscriptions to the good cause will be thankfully received by Mr. W. H. Griffiths, of the Shaftesbury Theatre, the hon. treasurer of the benefit fund. Mr. John Lancaster has generously lent his theatre for the benefit in November, and the programme will be such an ample one that I should not be surprised if it lasted from midday to nightfall. Mr. Wyndham and Mr. Beerbohm Tree and Mrs. Lancaster-Wallis were the first to offer their aid. C. S.

The Honorary Colonelcy of the Royal Scots Fusiliers has been bestowed on Field-Marshal Sir F. Haines.

Mr. Justice Denman, Mr. Justice Stephen, and Mr. Justice Charles have been appointed election Judges for the ensuing year.

The Right Rev. Hugh Macdonald, lately Provincial of the Redemptorists in London, has been consecrated Roman Catholic Bishop of Aberdeen.

A Proclamation appears in the *Gazette* summoning Parliament to assemble on Nov. 25, "for the despatch of divers urgent and important affairs." The Convocations of Canterbury and York are prorogued till Wednesday, Nov. 26.

Many important football matches were played on Oct. 25, among the results being the defeat of Preston by the Blackburn Rovers, of Everton by West Bromwich Albion, of Burnley by the Wolverhampton Wanderers, and of the Bolton Wanderers by Sunderland.

Maryon Park, by which name the new recreation-ground at Charlton is to be known, was handed over to the London County Council on Oct. 25 by the donor, Sir S. Maryon Wilson, Lord of the Manor of Charlton. Sir John Lubbock, chairman of the London County Council, who attended to receive the gift, was accompanied by Miss Cons, Colonel Hughes, M.P., Messrs. Lemon, Lidgett, Jackson, and other members of the Council.

In accordance with custom on the opening of the Michaelmas Term of the Law Courts, the Lord Chancellor on Oct. 24 received the Lord Mayor-elect (Mr. Alderman Savory) and the new Sheriffs of London at the House of Lords, and signified to the Alderman her Majesty's approval of his election to the chief magistracy. In the evening the Lord Mayor-elect gave his presentation dinner at Goldsmiths' Hall, which had been lent to him by the Court of that Company, of which he is a liveryman.

The Commander-in-Chief has approved of a conference of the commanding officers of all the Volunteer corps throughout the country being held at the Royal United Service Institution on Nov. 6, to consider a number of important alterations which it is proposed to make in the Act of Parliament under which the Volunteer force is constituted.—The Commander-in-Chief has selected Captain G. W. Treble, of the Post Office Volunteers, for the command of the Army Post Office Corps, vacant by the death of Major Viall.

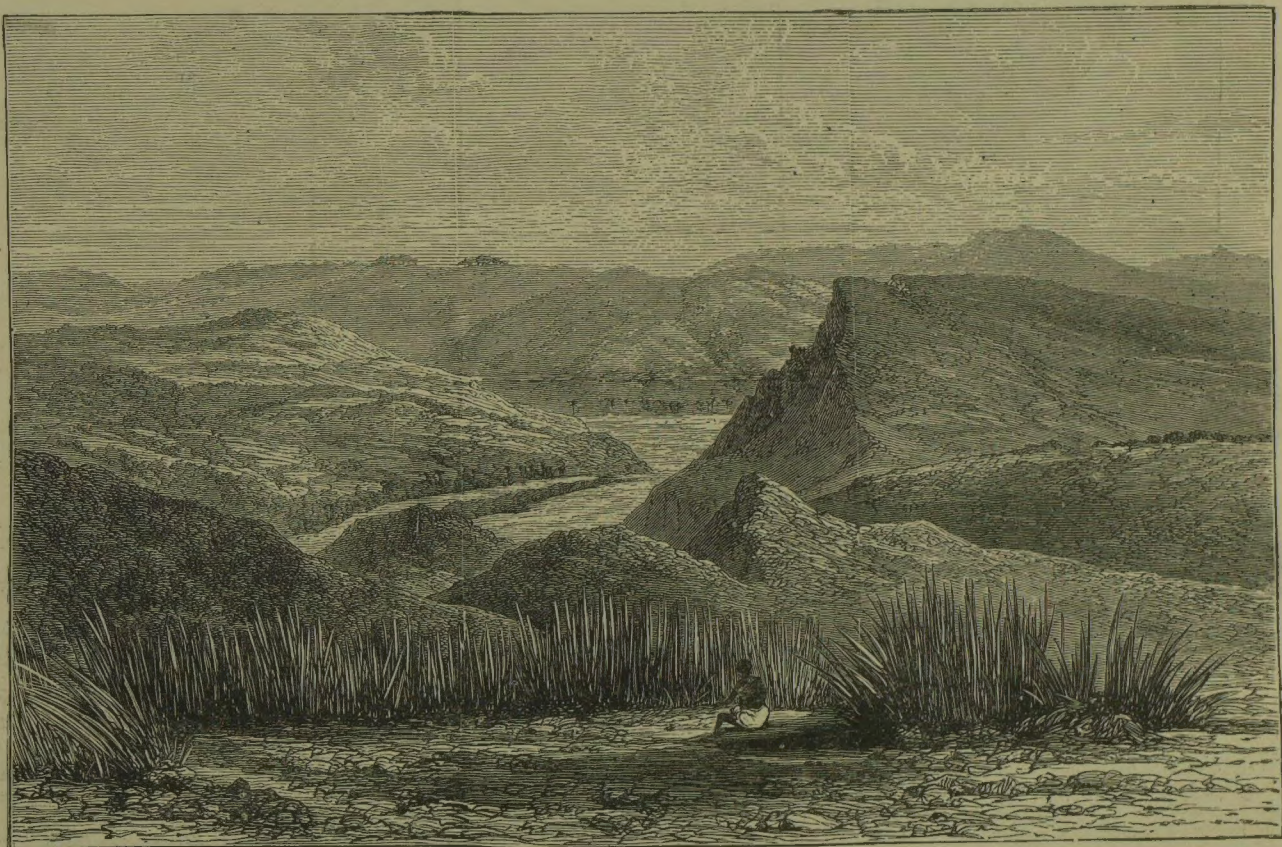
## THE LATE SIR R. F. BURTON, F.R.G.S.

The exploration of Tropical East Africa, which has brought renown to many distinguished travellers, was actually commenced, in our own times, by the remarkable man who, first among Europeans, penetrated that side of the Dark Continent as far as Lake Tanganyika. This led to the subsequent discovery of Lake Victoria Nyanza by Speke and Grant, almost simultaneously with Baker's discovery of Lake Victoria Nyanza; but it was the discovery of Tanganyika, with Dr. Livingstone's explorations of the Victoria Nyassa and the great rivers flowing northward in the interior, that opened the way for Commander Cameron and Mr. H. M. Stanley, the last of whom was enabled to find and follow the course of the Congo to the western ocean. Captain Burton, in February 1858, accompanied by Captain Speke, who could help him little, reached Ujiji, on the eastern shore of Lake Tanganyika, at the very place where Mr. Stanley, in his first African expedition, "found Livingstone," in November 1871. The great interest of Livingstone's explorations in the south-western region, from 1866, revealing a chain of lakes and rivers among which Stanley, in 1876, found the waters of the Upper Congo, does not lessen by comparison the merit of Burton's earlier achievement. To Burton, first and most, is certainly due the access of European intercourse to East Central Africa by the most direct route, and the present facility of civilising, ruling, and trading with its various nations, through the German and British companies recently put in possession. Thirty-two years have passed since Burton opened the door to the great lakes; twenty-eight since his companion Speke proved their relation to the Nile; and it has been reserved for Stanley, quite recently, to complete the delimitation of the Upper Nile confluents, and to examine the forest country dividing them from those of the Congo. Geographical science is much indebted to all and each of them; the efforts also of Sir Samuel Baker, and of his successor, General Gordon, in the equatorial Nile provinces, with the researches of Schweinfurth, Junker, and Emin Pasha, and the labours of Mackay, Wilson, and Felkin, in the Uganda Mission, have made us well acquainted with the people around the Victoria Nyanza, and north of the Albert Nyanza. But Lake Tanganyika, from



FETISH BOY OF THE GABOON, WEST AFRICA.

exploits of men still living whose activity has been transferred to different spheres of effort. Captain Burton—he was knighted in 1886—being employed all his life in various parts of the world, travelling and residing among many diverse nations, learning their speech, manners and customs, traditions, religions, and antiquities, and publishing the results of those studies in books crammed with fresh and interesting knowledge, did not much care, apparently, after the death of Captain Speke, in 1864, to claim due recognition of his African discoveries. His contributions to literature—as a great Arabic scholar and translator, a desultory but acute and accurate commentator on



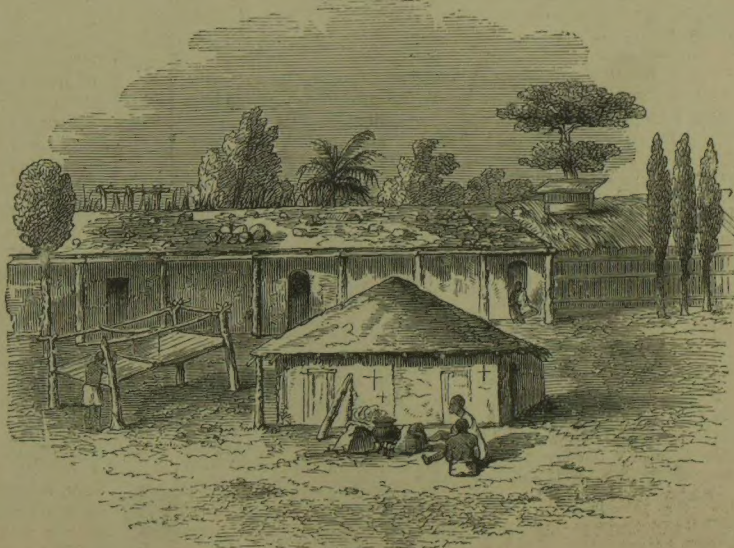
THE LOWER RAPIDS OF THE CONGO RIVER.

its central position, its great length, north to south, and its accessibility from Zanzibar, by routes which had long been the highway of Arab traffic and of the slave-raiders, and are henceforth under German control, seems to be of most immediate practical importance. Sir Richard Francis Burton, who ended his extraordinary life of bold adventures and observant wanderings, of learned inquiries and studies, voluminous writings, and official services not very liberally acknowledged, by his death, on Oct. 20, at Trieste, was the pioneer of inland travels from the East Coast of Africa, with results which now appear considerable; and it is doubtful whether any other man could have done what he did, at the time when it was done.

There is another field of African exploration in which the priority of Captain Burton's travels has been forgotten. Mr. Stanley has fairly won his renown as the discoverer of the previously unknown course of the Upper Congo, one of the grandest features, as we hope it will be rendered the most useful, in the wonderful internal water-system of that Continent. But when, thirteen years ago, after his descent of that river to the Atlantic, popular imagination was excited by descriptions of the great "cataracts," or rapids, called the Yellala, on the Lower Congo, many people were allowed to suppose that these falls were a discovery of Mr. Stanley's. The fact is that they had been minutely examined by Captain Burton in 1863, when he went up the river from Boma in canoes, landed at Banza Nokki, and marched up to Nkulul, but had not the means to pay the native chiefs and guides for continuing his journey farther, to the Isangila and Kalulu Falls, and to the site of the first Congo Free State settlements, many years before Mr. Stanley was there. The Falls had indeed been explored by Captain Tuckey's companions so long ago as 1816; and the navigability of that great river, for an unknown distance beyond, might have been tested by some other expedition. Moreover, the best geographers were of opinion that the Lualaba, discovered by Livingstone, was the Upper Congo, before Mr. Stanley descended the river in 1877. Captain Burton had ably set forth the arguments in favour of that opinion.

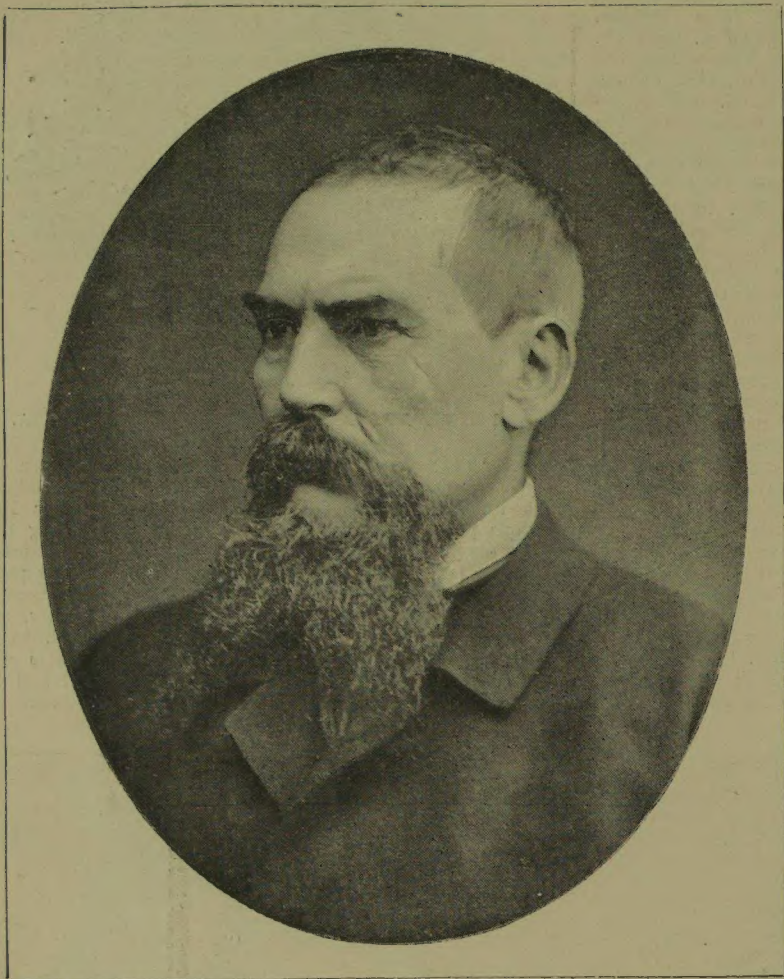
The public has too short a memory for the

Oriental history, an anthropologist of original insight, and a graphic reporter on the habits and usages of large sections of mankind, have far more abiding value than any mere journal of travels in barbarous lands. Yet the narratives of his personal adventures—for instance, of his pilgrimage to Medinah and Meccah, disguised as an Indian Mussulman, in 1853, his visit to Harar, in 1855, and his narrow escape from being killed in the attack on his party at Berberah, on the Somali coast—again, his unexampled troubles, losses, and sufferings in the journey to Lake Tanganyika—are of strong interest, as showing what difficulties may be overcome by a daring, shrewd, and resolute man, thoroughly accomplished in the skill and knowledge he required to use. If ever a man was self-taught, and pre-eminently self-reliant, it was the young officer of the Bombay Native Infantry, who quitted India, after some years' service, in 1849, having been disappointed



INTERIOR OF A HOUSE ON THE SHORE OF LAKE TANGANYIKA.





THE LATE SIR R. F. BURTON, K.C.M.G., F.R.S.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH IN "MEN OF MARK," BY MR. G. C. WHITFIELD.



CAPTAIN BURTON AS "SHAYKH ABDULLAH," TRAVELLING IN ARABIA.

of seeing active warfare, but having done surveying work in Scinde and on the Malabar coast; a perfect swordsman, master of the languages of Western India and the Afghan frontier, of Arabic and Persian, ready to mingle familiarly with any people of the Mohammedan world.

Richard Francis Burton, who was born March 19, 1821, son of Lieutenant-Colonel Burton, a retired Irish officer, passed his boyhood partly in France, with his parents, at Tours and at Blois, and was sent to a private school at Richmond, and to Trinity College, Oxford; but got little by regular education. A born linguist, he had his own way of learning Latin and Greek, as well as living foreign tongues, and

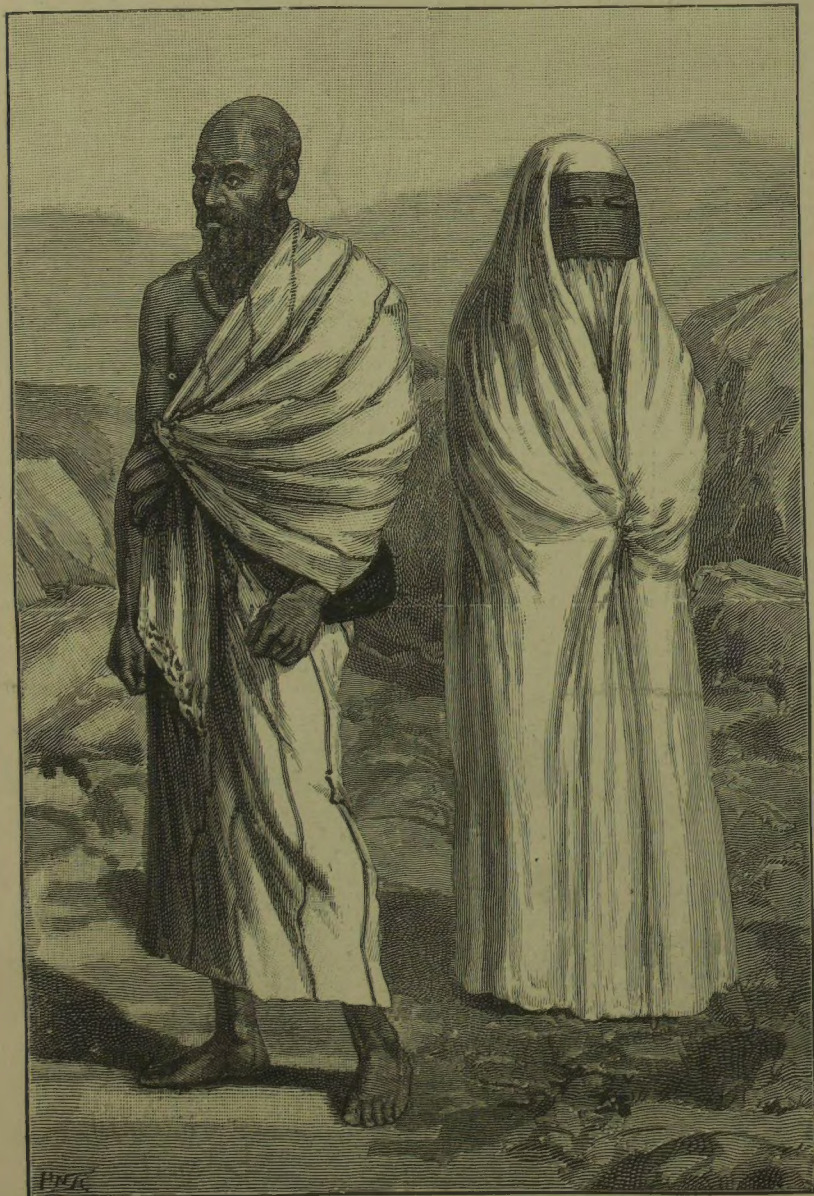
never put up with academical rules. In June 1842 he escaped from the University to the Indian Army, and was looked upon with favour by Sir Charles Napier, but could not wait half his lifetime for a chance of distinction in the military career.

Neither the War Department nor the Indian Government, in those days, had the sagacity to see how they could make use of such a man; he was coldly reprimanded, in 1857, for advising needful measures of protection on the coasts of the Red Sea and the Gulf of Aden; the neglect of his advice caused a massacre at Jeddah and an increase of the slave-trade. In 1860, leaving to others the prosecution of East African discovery, he turned his face westwards, travelled across the North American prairies to Utah, made acquaintance with the Mormons of Great Salt Lake City, and wrote a very entertaining book about them. His work on "The Lake Regions of Central Africa" had already been published; also, his books "Goa and the Blue Mountains," "Scinde, or the Unhappy Valley," "Pilgrimage to Meccah and El Medinah," and "First Footsteps in East Africa," besides some philological treatises. The Foreign Office, in 1861, found employment for this clever man, but made a mistake in not at once sending him to the East, which he understood so well. He had then just married a brave and clever lady, Miss Isabel Arundel, a cousin of Lord Arundel of Wardour, the authoress of several delightful books of travel, and truly her husband's helpmeet. They were sent to the Consulate at Fernando Po, an island on the West Coast of Africa, and from August 1861 to 1864 Burton was employed among the negroes and traders of that coast, where his knowledge of the Arabs and of Mussulman ideas was of little use; but he explored several parts of the neighbouring continent, in the Gulf of Benin and the Bight of Biafra, the Cameroons, Dahomey, the Congo and Loango, and wrote three or four books about the West African negro races and states. Having gained a complete scholarly and colloquial acquaintance with Portuguese, he was removed, when his health failed in the West African climate, in 1864, to the Consulate at Santos, a dull and dismal Brazilian town, and remained four years in South America, but travelled about, visiting Paraguay on an official mission, the La Plata States, Chile, and Peru. He wrote books also on "The Highlands of Brazil" and "The Battlefields of Paraguay."

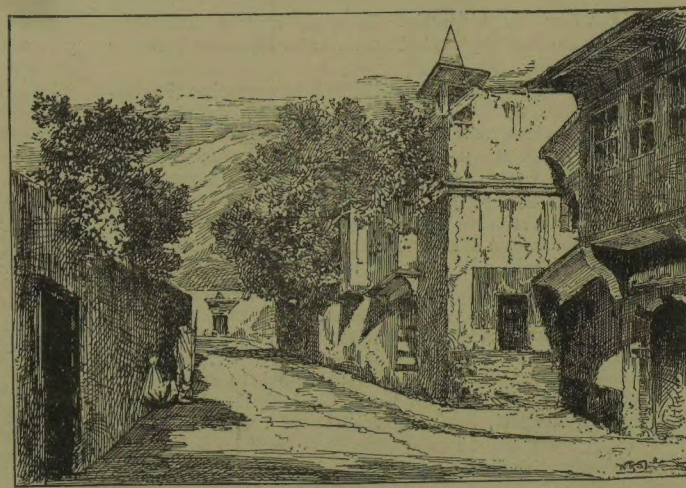
In 1869 Captain Burton was appointed British Consul at Damascus, a post highly suitable to his special attainments, but less than two years was allowed him in that congenial situation. His sympathy with the Arabs and native Syrians appears to have provoked the enmity of Turkish officials and of Greek Bishops. The Foreign Office was induced to put the Damascus Consulate on a subordinate footing, and Burton returned to England. In the next year he visited Iceland, examined the

Geysers and the sulphur deposits, and wrote a book on them. He was then appointed Consul at Trieste, a not very desirable post, which he retained to his death. On leave of absence, in 1876 and 1877, he twice visited the mountains of Midian, belonging to Egypt, on the eastern shore of the Red Sea, inspecting the traces of the ancient gold, silver, and copper mines, on which he wrote two learned and instructive books. In 1882 he went in search of gold, with Commander V. L. Cameron, to the African Gold Coast, and produced another book. This was the last of his travels; since which, residing at Trieste, and in failing health, denied a retiring pension, he has added to literature a splendid history of "The Sword," a complete and most accurate translation, with notes, of all the poems of Camoens, and a full translation, in ten volumes, of "The Arabian Nights' Entertainments." The last-mentioned is one of the greatest works of Oriental scholarship, but is scarcely to be recommended for popular reading, as it contains all the licentious and indelicate passages of the Arabic original. Lady Burton has reduced it to an expurgated edition in six volumes; she has also written "The Inner Life of Syria," and the narrative of a tour in Arabia, Egypt, and India.

Sir Richard Burton's "Life," by Mr. Francis Hitchman, was published in two volumes, in 1887, by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, and Co., who have permitted us to borrow a few illustrations on the present occasion. They are the portrait of Burton disguised as "Shaykh Abdullah" when he travelled in Arabia; two figures attired in the "Ihram," or pilgrim's



THE IHRAM, OR PILGRIM'S GARB, AT MECCAH.



CONSUL BURTON'S HOUSE AT DAMASCUS.

garb, worn by every Hadji approaching the sacred city of Meccah; the interior of a native dwelling at Ujiji, in East Africa, with the kitchen and weaving-loom in the open court; a negro boy of the Gaboon River country, in French West Africa, half covered with a bundle of dry leaves or grass, leading the Fetish procession of Pongo young men, called "Nda"; a view of the Lower Rapids of the Congo, in 1863; and the house occupied by Burton as Consul at Damascus in Syria; this last is from a drawing by Sir F. Leighton.

The funeral of Sir Richard Burton, on Oct. 22, at Trieste, was performed with much ceremony, and with the rites of the Roman Catholic Church: it was attended by the Governor of Trieste, the military, naval, and civil authorities, the foreign Consuls, and the Municipality of the city. Lady Burton intends to bring the body to England for interment.





DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET.

*That worthy weather-beaten fellow held the mandate most respectfully in one hand, while he pulled his grizzled beard with the other and stared out into the north.*

"THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF PHRA THE PHOENICIAN."—SEE PAGE 5-2.



## THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF PHRA THE PHENICIAN.

RETOLD BY EDWIN LESTER ARNOLD.

### CHAPTER XVII.

I cannot say, distinctly, what roused me next morning. My faculties were all in a maze, my body cramped and stiff as old leather—no doubt due to the wetting of the previous evening, or my hard couch—while the darkness bewildered and numbed my mind. Yet, indeed, I awoke, and, after all, that was the great thing. I awoke and yawned, and feebly stretched my dry and aching arms—good heavens! how the pain did fly and shoot about them!—and rolled my stiff and rusty eyeballs, and twisted that pulsing neck that seemed in that first moment of returning life like a burning column of metal through which the hot river of my starting blood was surging in a hissing, molten stream. I stretched, and looked and listened as though my faculties were helpless prisoners behind my numb, useless senses; but, peer and crane forward as I would, nothing stirred the black stillness of my strange bed-chamber.

Nothing, did I say? Truly it was nothing for a time, and then I could have sworn, by all the rich repository of gods and saints that the wreck of twenty hierarchies had stranded in my mind, that I heard a real material sound, a click and rattle, like metal striking stone, this being followed immediately by a star of light somewhere in the mid black void in front. Fie! 'twas but a freak of fancy, the stretching of my cramped and aching sinews, but a nucleus of those swimming lights that mocked my still sleepy eyes! I covered them with my hands and groaned to be awake; I strove to make point or sense out of the wild flood of remembrance that ebbed and flooded in thunderous sequence through my head; and then again, obtrusive and clear, came the click! click! of the unseen metal, and the shine of the great white planet that burnt in the black firmament of my prison behind it.

I staggered to my feet, stretching out eager hands in the void space to touch the walls, and tried to move; and, as I did so, my knees gave way beneath me; I made a wild grasp in the darkness, and fell in a loose heap upon the littered dusty floor. Lord! how my joints did ache! how the hot swift throes that monopolised my being shot here and there about my cramped and twitching limbs! I rolled upon the dust-dry earth of that gloomy chamber and cursed my last night's wetting; cursed the salt-sea spray that could breed such fiery torments; and even sent to Hades my errand and my scrip of victory, the which, however, I was cheered to note, in its bronze case now and then, with a movement or a spasm of pain, knocked against my bare ribs as though to upbraid me as a laggard embassy for lying sleeping here while all men waked to know my tidings. I rose again, with rare difficulty but successfully this time, and peered and listened till the dancing colours in my eyes filled the empty air with giddy spinning suns and constellations, and the making tide of wakefulness, flooding the channels of my veins, cheated my ears to fancy some hideous storm was raging up above, and thunderbolts were tearing shrieking furrows down the trembling sides of mountains, and all the rivers of the world (so hideous was that shocking sound) were tumbling headlong in wild confusion into the void middle of the world.

I stuffed my ears and shut my eyes, and turned sick and faint at that infernal tumult. My head spun and throbbed, and my light feet felt the world give under them. I had nearly fallen, when once again, just as my spinning brain was growing numb, and the close thin air of that place failed to answer to the needs of my new vitality, there came that click! click! again, and the blessed white star that followed it. This time that gleam of hope was broad and strong. On either side as it shone, white zigzag rays flew out and stood so writ upon the black tablet of my prison. Ah! and a draught of nectar, of real, divine nectar, of sweet white country air, came in from that celestial puncture!

I leapt to it and knelt, and put my thirsty lips to that refulgence and drank the simple ambient air that came through, as though I were some thirsty pilgrim at a gushing stream. And it revived me, cooling the rising fever of my blood, and numbing, like the sweet sedative it was, the pains, that soon ran less keen and throbbed less strong and, in a few more minutes, went gently away into the distance under its beneficent touch. Mayhap I fainted or slept for some little time, overwhelmed by the stress of those few waking moments. When I looked up again all was changed. I myself was new and fresh, and felt with every pulse the strong life beating firm and gentle within me; and my prison cell—it was no more a prison!

There was a gap bigger than my fist where the star had been, with great fissures marking the outline of one of the stones that had supported the topmost slab, and through the gap a peep of countryside, of yellow grass, and sapphire sea, of pearly waves lipping in summer playfulness around a golden shore, and overhead a sky of delightful blue.

I was grateful, and understood it all. The storm had gone down during the night and the sun had risen; these were good folk outside, who, by some chance, knew of my sheltering place and had come early to release me—a happy chance indeed! And it was their strong blows and crowbars working on my massive walls that let in the light, and—none too soon—refreshed me with a draught of outer air. Fool that I was to let an uneasy night and a salt-sea soaking cloud my wit!

I was so pleased at the prospect of speedy release that I was on the point of calling out to cheer my lusty friends at their work and show the prisoner lived. But had I done so this book had never been written! That shout was all but uttered—my mouth was close to the orifice through which came the pleasant gleam of daylight, when voices of men outside speaking one to another fell upon my ear.

"By St. George," I heard one fellow say, "and every fiend in hell! they who built this place surely meant it to last to Judgment! Here we have been heaving at it since near daylight, and not moved a stone."

"Ah! and if you stand gaping there," chimed in another, "we'll not have moved one by Tuesday week. On, you log! let's see something of that strength you brag of—why, even now I saw a shine and twinkle in the opening there. This crib may prove the cradle of our fortunes, may make us richer men than any strutting sheriffs, and recompense us for a dozen disappointments! To it again; and you, Harry, stand ready with the wedges to put them in when we do lift."

I pricked my ears at this, as you will guess, for there was no mention of me expectant, and only talk of wealth and recompense. I listened, and heard the sulky workman take again his crowbar. I heard him call for a drink, and the splash of the liquid into the leathern cupsounded wonderfully clear in my silent chamber; then, as though in no hurry to fall on, he asked, "What of the spoil we have already, mates? A sight of those baubles would greatly lighten our labour, I think."

"Now, as I had a man for my father," burst out the first

speaker, "never did I see so small a heart in so big a body! Show him the swag, Harry! rattle it under his greedy nose! and when he has done gloating on it perhaps he'll turn to and do something for a breakfast!"

At this there was a pause and a moving of feet, as though men were collecting round some common object. Then came the tinkle of metals, and, by Jove! I had not yet forgotten so much of merchant cunning in my soldiering but that I recognised the music of gold and silver over the base clink of lesser stuff. They tried, and sampled, and wrung those wares over my head; and presently he who was best among them said—

"A very pretty haul, mates, and, wisely disposed of, enough to furnish us well, both inside and out, for a long time. These circlets here are silver, I take it, and will run into a sweet ingot in the smelting-pot. Yon boss is a brooch, by the pin, and of gold; though surely such a vile fashion was never forged since Shem's hammer last went silent."

"What, gold, Sir!"

"Ah! what else, old bullet-costard? Dost thou think I come round and prise cursed devil-haunted mounds for lumps of clay? The brooch is gold, I say; and the least of these trinkets" (whereon there came a sound like one playing with bracelet and bangle)—"the worst of them white silver. To it, then, good fellows, again! Burst me this stony crypt, and, if it prove such a coffer as I have right to hope, before the day is an hour older, you shall down to yonder town and there get drunk past expectation and your happiest imaginings."

So, my friends, I mused, 'tis not pure neighbourliness that brings you thus early to my rescue! Never mind; many a good deed has been done in search of a sordid object, and whether you come for me or gold, it shall vantage me alike. I will lend a hand on my side, since it were a pity to keep this big fellow from his breakfast longer than need be.

While they plied spade and lever outside, I scraped below, and put in, as well as I was able, a stone wedge now and then, whenever their exertions canted the great stone a little to one side or the other. The interest of all this, and because I was never apt in deceit, made me somewhat reckless about showing too soon at the narrow opening, and presently there came a guttural cry above, and a sound as though someone had dropped a tool and sprung back.

"Hullo! stoutheart," called the captain's voice, "what now? Is it another swig of the flask you want to swell your shallow courage, or has thy puissant crowbar pierced through to hell?"

"Hell or not," whined the fellow, "I do think the fiend himself is in there. I did but stoop on a sudden to peer within, and may I never empty a flagon again but there was something hideous moving in the crypt!—something round and shaggy, that toiled as we toiled, and pushed and growled, and had two flaming yellow eyes!"

"Beast! coward! Oh, that I had brought a man instead of thee! 'Twas gold you saw—bright shining metal—think, thou swine, of all it will buy, and how thou mayst hereafter wallow in thy foul delights! And wilt thou forego the stuff so near? Gods! I would have a wrestle for it though it were with the devil himself! Give me the crowbar."

Apparently the captain's avarice was of stouter kind than the yeoman's, for soon after this the stone upright began to give, and I saw the moment of my deliverance was near. Now, I argued to myself, these gentlemen outside are obvious rogues, and will much rather crack me on the head than share their booty with such a strange-found claimant, hence I must be watchful. Of the two under-rogues I had small fear, but the captain seemed of bolder mould, and, unless his tongue lied, had some sort of heart within him. So I waited watchful, and before long a more than usually stalwart blow set the stone off its balance. It slipped and leant, then fell headlong outwards with a heavy thud, and, turning over on its side, rolled to the edge of the slope, and there, revolving quicker and more quickly, went rumbling and crashing down through the brambles into the valley a quarter of a mile below. As it fell outwards, a blaze of daylight burst upon my prison, and, with a shout of joy, the foremost of the rogues dashed into my cell. At the same moment, with such an old British battle yell as those monoliths had not heard for a thousand years, but sorely dazed, I sprang forward. We met in mid career, and the big thief went floundering down. He was up again in a moment, and, yelling in his fear that the devil was certainly there, rushed forth—I close behind him—and infected his timorous comrade, and away they both went towards the woods, racing in step and screaming in tune, as though they had practised it together for half a lifetime. The fellows fled, but their leader stood, white and irresolute, as he well might be, yet made bold by greed; and for a moment we faced each other—he in his greasy townsman finery a strong, sullen thief from bonnet to shoe, and I, grim, gaunt, and ragged, haggard, wild, unshorn, standing there for a moment against the black porch of the old Druid grave-place—and then, wiping the sunshine from my dazzled eyes and stooping low, I ran at him! Many were the ribbons and trinkets I had taken long ago at that game. I ran at him, and threw my arms round his leather-belted middle, and, with a good Saxon twist, tossed his heels fairly into the air and threw him full length over my shoulder. He fell behind me like a tree on the greensward, while his head striking the buttress of a stone stunned him, and he lay there bleeding and insensible.

"Ho! good fellow," I laughed, bending over him, "I am sorry for that headache you will have to-morrow, but before you challenge so freely to the wrestle you should know somewhat more of a foeman's prowess!"

When I turned to the little heap of spoil the ravishers of the dead had gathered and laid out on a cloth upon the stones, at once my mood softened. There in that curious pile of trinkets were things so ancient and yet so fresh that I heaved a sigh as I bent over them, and a whiff of the old time came back—the jolly wild days when the world was young rose before me as I turned them tenderly one by one. There lay the bronze nob from a British shield, and there, corroded and thin, the long flat blade that my rugged comrades once could use so well. There was the broken haft of a wheel-scythe from a chief's battle-car, and, near by, the green and dinted harness of a war-horse. Ho! how it took me back! how it made me hear again in the lap of the soft Plantagenet sea and all the insipid sounds of this degenerate countryside the rattle and hum of the chariots as we raced to war, the sparkle and clatter of the captains galloping through the leafy British woods, and then the shout and the tumult as we wheeled into line in the open, and, our loose reins on the stallions' necks and our trembling javelins quivering in our ready hands, swept down upon the ranks of the reeling foeman!

There again, in more peaceful wise, was a shoulder-brooch some British maid had worn, and the wristlet and rings of some red-haired Helen of an unfamous Troy. There lay a few links of the neck-chains of a dust-dead warrior, and there again the head of his boar-spear. Here was the thin gold circlet he had on his finger, the rude pin of brass that fastened his coloured cloak and the buckle of his sandal. Jove! I could nearly tell the names of the vanished wearers, I knew all these things so well!

But it was no use hanging over the pile like this. The ruffian I had felled was beginning to move, and it served on

purpose to remain: therefore—and muttering to myself that I was a nearer heir to the treasure than any among those thieves—I selected some dozen of the fairest, most valuable trinkets, and put them in my wallet. Then, feeling cold—for the fresh morning air was thin and cool here, above the sea—the best coat from the ragged pile the rogues had thrown aside, to be the lighter at their work, was chosen, and, with this on my back, and a stout stave in my hand, I turned to go. But ere I went I took a last look round—as was only natural—at a place that had given me such timely shelter overnight. It was strange, very strange; but my surroundings, as I saw them in the white daylight, matched wondrously poorly with my remembrance of the evening before! The sea, to begin with, seemed much farther off than it had done in the darkness. I have said that when I swam ashore my well-remembered British harbour had, to my eyes, silted up woefully, so that the knoll on which Blodwen's stockade once stood was some way up the valley. But, small as the estuary had shrunk last night, I had, it seemed, but poorly estimated its shrinkage. 'Twas lesser than ever, this morning, and some kine were grazing among the yellow kingcups on the marshy flats at that very place where I could have sworn I came ashore on the top of a sturdy breaker! The greedy green and golden land was cozening the blue channel sea out of beach and foreshore under my very eyes; the meadow-larks were playing where the white surf should have been, and tall fern and mallow flaunted victorious in the breeze where ancient British keels had never even grated on a sandy bottom. I could not make it out, and turned to look at the tomb from which I had crept. Here, too, the turmoil of yestere'en and my sick and weary head had cheated me. In the gloom the pile had appeared a bare and lichened heap washed out from its old mound by rains; but, Jove! it seemed it was not so. I rubbed my eyes and pulled my peaked beard and stared about me, for the crypt was a grassy mound again, with one black gap framed by a few rugged stones jutting from the green, as though the slope above it had slipped down at that leveller Nature's prompting, and piled up earth and rubbish against the rocks, had escalated them and marched triumphant up the green glacis, planting her conquering pennons of bracken and bramble, mild daisy and nodding foxglove, on that very arch where, by all the gods! I thought last night the withering lightning would have glanced harmless from a smooth and lichened surface. Well, it only showed how weary I had been: so, shouldering my cudgel, and with a last sigh cast back to that pregnant heap of rusty metal, I turned, and with fair heart, but somewhat shaky limbs, marched off inland to give my wondrous news.

How pleasant and fair the country was, and after those hot scenes of battle, the noise and sheen of which still floated confusedly in my head, how sweetly peaceful! I trod the green, secluded country lanes with wondrous pleasure, remembering the bare French campagnias, and stood stock-still at every gap in the blooming hedges to drink the sweet breath of morning, coming, golden-laden with sunshine and the breath of flowers, over the rippling meadow-grass! In truth, I was more English than I had thought, my step was more elastic to tread these dear domestic leas, and my spirits rose with every mile simply to know I was in England! And I—a tough, stern soldier, with arms still red to the elbow in the horrid dye of war, and on a hasty errand, pulled me a flowering spray from the coppices, and smiled and sang as I went along, now stopping in delighted trance to hear out the nightingale that, from a bramble athwart the thicket path, sang most enrapturedly, and then, forgetful of my haste, standing amazed under the flushed satin of the blooming apples. "Jove!" I laughed, "here is a sweeter pavilion than any victor prince doth sleep in! Fie! to fight and bleed as we do yonder, while the sweetness of such a tent as this goes all to waste upon the wind!" and I sat and stared and laughed until the prick of conscience stirred me and, reluctant, I passed on again. Then over a flowery mead or two, where the banded bees swung in busy fashion at the lilac cuckoo-flowers, and the shining dewdrops were charged with hundred hues, down to a sunny, babbling brook that sparkled by a yellow ford. There I would stand and watch the silver fingers of the stream toy and tug the great heads of nodding kingcup, watch the flash of the new-come swallow's wing, as he shot through the byways between the mallows, and be so still that e'en the timid water-hen led out her brood across the freckled play of sunshine on the water, and the mute kingfisher came to the broken rail and did not fear me. "Surely a happy stream," I thought, "not to divide two princely neighbours! What a blessed current that can keep its native colour and chatter thus of flowers and sunshine, while yon other torrent runs incardine to the sea—a corpse-choked sewer of red ambition!"

Then it was a homestead that, all unseen, I paused by, watching the great sleek kine knee-deep in the scented yellow straw, the spangled cock defiant on the wall, the tender doves a-wooing on the roof-ridge, and presently the swart herdsman, with flail and goad, come out from beneath his roses and stoop and kiss the pouting cherry lips of the sweet babe his comely mate held up to him. "Jove!" I meditated, "and here's a goodly kingdom. Oh that I had a realm with no politics in it but such as he has!" and so musing I went along from path to path and hill to hill.

At one time my feet were turned to a wayside rest-house, where a jug of wine was asked for and a loaf of bread; for you will remember that, saving a handful of dry biscuit, which I broke in my gauntlet palm and ate between two charges, I had not broken fast since the morning before Creecy. The master of the tavern took up the coin I tendered and eyed it critically. He held it in the sun, and rung it on a stone and spat upon it, then, taking a little dust from the road, rubbed diligently until he came down through the green sea-slime to the metal below. It was true-coined, plump, and full, though certainly a trifle rusty; and this and my grim, commanding figure in his doorway carried the day. He brought me wine and cheese and bread, whereon I sat on a corner of the tressle table munching them outside in the sun under shadow of my broad felt yokel-hat, with the quaint inn sign gently creaking overhead, and my mouldy sea-stained legs dangling under me.

I was in a good mood, yet thoughtfully somehow, for had not the King especially warned me not to part lightly with the precious news wherewith I was freighted? And if so be that I must be reticent in this particular, yet again my heart was surely too full of my victorious errand to let me gossip lightly on trivial matters; thus my bread was broken in abstracted silence, and, when my beaker went now and again into the shade of my hat-brim, I drank mutely and proffered no sign of friendship to those other country wayfarers who stood about the honeysucked doorway eyeing me askance after the manner I was so used to, and whispering now and then to one another.

I sat and thought how my errand was to be most speedily carried out, for you see I might trudge days and days about like this before good luck or my own limbs brought me to the footstool of Edward's Royal wife, and gave me leave to burst that green and rusty case that, with its precious scroll, still dangled at my side. I had no money to buy a horse—the bangles taken from the crypt-thieves would not stand against the value of the boniest palfrey that ever ambled between a



finker's legs—and last night's infernal wetting had made me into the sorriest, most mouldy-looking herald that ever did a kingly bidding. Surely, I thought, as I glanced at my borrowed clay-stained rustic cloak, my cracked and rotten leather doublet, my tarnished hose all frayed and colourless, my shoon, that only held together, methought, by their patching of grey sea-slime and mud, surely no one will lend or loan me anything like this; they will laugh at my knightly gage of honourable return, and scout the faintest whisper of my errand!

Thus ruefully reflecting, I had finished my frugal luncheon, yet still scarce knew what to do, and maybe I had sat dubious like that on the tressle edge for near an hour, when, looking up on a sudden, there was a blooming little maid of some three tender years standing in the sun staring hard upon me, her fair blue eyes a-shine with wonder, and the strands of her golden hair lifting on the breeze like gossamers in June. She had in one rosebud hand a flower of yellow daffodil, and in fault of better introduction proffered it to me. My stern soldier heart was melted by that maid. I took her flower and put it in my belt, and lifted the little one on my knee, then asked her why she had looked so hard at the stranger.

"Oh!" she said, pointing to where some older children were watching all this from a safe distance, "Johnnie and Andrew, my brothers, said you were surely the devil, and, as they feared, I came myself to see if it were true."

"And am I? Is it true?"

"I do not know," said the little damsel, fixing her clear blue eyes upon mine—"I do not know for certain, but I like you! I am sorry for you, because you are so dirty. If you were cleaner I could love you"—and very cautiously, watching my eyes the while, the pretty babe put out a petal-soft hand and stroked my grim and weathered face.

I could not withstand such gentle blandishment, and forgot all my musings and my haste, and kissed those pink fingers under the shadow of my hat, and laid myself out to win that soft little heart, and won it, so that, when presently the wondering mother came to claim her own, the little maiden burst into such a headlong shower of silver April tears that I had to perjure myself with false promises to come again, and even the gift of my last coin and another kiss or two scarce set me free from the sweet investigator.

(To be continued.)

## COLOURED PICTURE: THE HOME RULER.

A story goes that there was a certain good-natured Prince, who used to parry needless remonstrances about the autocratic rule of State affairs, by pointing to a family picture of the Princess with her infant son, and calmly remarking, "There is my wife, who governs me; and there is her child, who governs her. Que voulez-vous?" We hear much of Home Rule; but what does it mean, after all, except that the wants of those who are in most urgent and constant need of help, and whose wants are most obviously forced upon us by the natural affections and common-sense reason of mankind, shall be attended to before anything else? And who is this but the human baby? Grown-up men and women, of every class and rank, can to some extent take care of themselves: let them do so as best they may, so long as they do not molest each other. In general, it is well to let them do as they please and take the consequences, within the limits of prohibitive laws necessary for the common safety and peace. But the Baby—for whose sake, if we consider rightly the future abiding welfare of the nation, all men and women, and all half-grown girls and boys, are bound to labour or to learn, to earn and to save, to defend their country, to maintain and improve its social and political institutions—is the true "ultima ratio reipublice," having the first claim to homage and service. The Baby wants immediate assistance, shelter, clothing, warmth, food, nursing, amusement, the beginnings of education in the maternal arms. No infant offspring of any other living creature wants so much care, or wants it so long; and if the combined efforts of the whole adult generation, as breadwinners and housekeepers, agriculturists, manufacturers, traders, soldiers, lawyers, statesmen, and preachers, could succeed in doing justice to all existing babies, it would matter little, half a century hence, whether or not we had been comfortable in our own time. We conclude, therefore, by presenting the plump young person whose portrait, with his thumb in his mouth, figures in our Coloured Supplement this week, as the legitimate "Home Ruler." It is he, and such as he, whose interests ought to be consulted: Nature and Common Sense will teach us what they are.

The General Assembly of the Irish Presbyterian Church have decided to inaugurate a campaign in support of the legislative Union, and appointed delegates to make a tour of the leading cities and towns in England and Scotland.

At the meeting of the School Board for London on Oct. 23 the chairman of the Industrial Schools Committee presented a report for the year ended Lady Day, which was received. It showed that during the twelve months 2313 cases were brought before the Committee; 1903 were dealt with by the magistrates, 942 sent to Industrial Schools at the instance of the Board, and 405 dealt with in other ways by the Committee.

The preachers at Westminster Abbey on the Sunday mornings in November are: 2nd, the Hon. and Rev. E. Carr Glyn, Vicar of Kensington; 9th, the Rev. Prebendary Shelford, Rector of Stoke Newington; 16th, the Very Rev. Dr. James, Head Master of Cheltenham College; 23rd, the Rev. E. Price, Vicar-Designate of Bishop Auckland; 30th, the Rev. Canon Benham, Rector of St. Edmund-the-King. On the afternoon of the 2nd the Rev. Gerald A. Bowman, Vicar of St. Mark's, Kennington, will preach; and on the remaining afternoons of the month, Archdeacon Farrar.

At Eastbourne Townhall, on Oct. 22, the Chichester Diocesan Conference was opened, the Bishop (Dr. Durnford) presiding. His Lordship said the people must be convinced of the necessity for education and the importance of maintaining voluntary schools. Free education was inevitable in England, and it was some consolation to know that it would be carried by a friendly Government. He was in favour of the Government proposal for collecting tithes. As to the case of the Bishop of Lincoln, he saw an injustice in the Archbishop sitting in judgment on a Bishop. The Bishop of Lincoln had to be tried by his peers, and not apart from his suffragans. Resolutions were passed in favour of the Tithe Rent-charge Bill and other measures affecting the revenues of the clergy, and also in favour of guilds for men, and special schemes for the study of the Bible, the Liturgy, and Church History. A long discussion arose next day on the respective merits of free and assisted education. The Venerable Bishop expressed himself in favour of assisted rather than free education, and, as one or the other was inevitable, he urged the Conference not to give the enemies of the Church the opportunity to say that she cared not for the poor. A resolution was eventually carried by a considerable majority expressing a hope that a scheme might shortly be laid before Parliament safeguarding the interests of voluntary schools.

## THE AMERICAN NAVY: U.S.S. BALTIMORE.

The steel-built protected cruiser Baltimore, a twin-screw steam-ship, was built for the United States Government by contractors at Philadelphia, within three years past. She has a high free-board, with long poop and forecabin; her length is 315 ft., breadth of beam 48 ft. 6 in., and displacement 4400 tons, drawing 19 ft. 6 in. of water. The engines are triple expansion, of 10,750 indicated horse-power, with two propellers, giving a maximum speed of twenty knots an hour: she can carry 900 tons of coal, with which she could steam 12,000 miles at the speed of ten knots, but the ordinary coal supply is only 400 tons. She is protected by a continuous steel deck, slightly above the load water-line, 1½ in. thick in the flat and 4 in. thick in the slopes. The armament consists of four eight-inch breech-loading guns, on the poop and forecabin; six six-inch breech-loading guns, in sponsons, on the broadside, 16 ft. above the water; six quick-firing guns, six Hotchkiss and four Gatlings, with five torpedo-dischargers, two forward, two broadside, and two aft. The masts are furnished with fighting tops.

## SALARIES OF LONDON SCHOOL BOARD TEACHERS.

A return has been made to the London School Board of the separate and combined salaries of head masters and head mistresses who have married, and who still carry on their duties. The Board has, in all, about 7160 teachers of both sexes, of whom 1136 have reached the position of head teacher, with its responsibilities and duties. Of the 1136 head teachers in the Board's service, sixty masters have married head mistresses, or mistresses who have, since marriage, obtained the highest position of their profession, and both masters and mistresses must have qualified for their positions by being certified in all branches of elementary teaching, qualifications which they must prove, in the annual examinations, are not allowed to fall off. Of all the sixty married masters there are three only whose salaries exceed, with the allowance in place of share of grant, the amount of £400, the two highest being £408 and £409. In the early days of the Board the grant was given to the teachers, and those teachers who have been longest in the Board's service are paid in lieu of the share which they formerly received. Some of the head masters receive salaries as low as £195 a year. The highest of the head mistresses' salaries is £288, though there is only one at this rate, and they range as low as £157. Of the combined salaries of husband and wife there are seven of the sixty of £600 and upwards, the highest combined salaries being £676, while in other cases the combined salaries of the head master and mistress are only £335. There are only twenty cases in which the husband and wife are heads of departments in the same building; in the other forty cases their duties are apart. In no case under the London School Board is there any house attached to the schools, as there is in respect to denominational and other elementary schools both in London and the country, and, moreover, teachers under the London School Board are at times liable to transfer, when changes are made in localities affecting the population, and in such cases the teachers have to bear the cost of travelling from their homes to and from the schools, and the extra cost of living. The salaries of assistant men teachers fall as low as £60 a year, while those of women assistant teachers touch as low as £30, these being assistants who have not passed through College.

## ASTRONOMICAL OCCURRENCES IN NOVEMBER.

(From the Illustrated London Almanack.)

The Moon is near Saturn during the morning hours of the 7th. She rises on this morning at 0h 49m a.m., and will be to the right of the planet till about 7h a.m., when the nearest approach takes place. She will be near and to the right of Mercury on the 12th. She will be near Venus on the 14th, the next day to New Moon. She is near Mars and Jupiter on the evening of the 17th; the two planets are higher than the Moon, Mars being a little to the left of Jupiter. She is some distance to the left of both planets on the evening of the 18th, Mars being nearer to the Moon than Jupiter. Her phases or times of change are:—

|                     |                         |                      |
|---------------------|-------------------------|----------------------|
| Last Quarter on the | 4th at 13 minutes after | 4h in the afternoon. |
| New Moon            | " 12th " 38 "           | 1 " afternoon.       |
| First Quarter       | " 19th " 45 "           | 0 " afternoon.       |
| Full Moon           | " 23th " 23 "           | 1 " afternoon.       |

She is most distant from the Earth on the 5th, and nearest to it on the 18th. Mercury rises on the 4th at 6h 13m a.m., or 47 minutes before the Sun; on the 9th, at 6h 41m a.m., or 28 minutes before the Sun; on the 14th, at 7h 9m a.m., or 9 minutes before sunrise; on the 16th at 7h 21m a.m., or at about the same time as the Sun. He sets on the 19th, at 4h 4m a.m., or 3 minutes before the Sun; on the 24th, at 4h 6m p.m., or 6 minutes after the Sun; and on the 29th, at 4h 6m p.m., or 11 minutes after the Sun sets. He is near the Moon on the 12th, in descending node on the 14th, in superior conjunction with the Sun on the 17th, in aphelion on the 24th, and near Venus on the 29th.

Venus sets on the 8th at 5h 18m p.m., or 56 minutes after the Sun; on the 18th at 4h 47m p.m., or 39 minutes after the Sun; and on the 28th, at 4h 4m p.m., or 9 minutes after the Sun. She is stationary among the stars on the 13th, and near the Moon on the 14th.

Mars is an evening star, setting on the 9th at 9h 11m p.m.; on the 19th, at 9h 15m p.m.; and on the 29th, at 9h 19m p.m. He is near Jupiter on the 13th, and near the Moon on the 17th.

Jupiter sets on the 1st at 9h 51m p.m., on the 7th at 9h 43m p.m., on the 17th at 9h 11m p.m., and on the 26th at 8h 40m p.m. He is near the Moon on the 17th.

Saturn rises on the 1st at 1h 40m a.m., on the 7th at 1h 20m a.m., on the 17th at 0h 40m a.m., and on the 28th at about midnight. He is near the Moon on the 7th.

## POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK, NOVEMBER 1, 1890.

Subscribers will please to notice that copies of this week's number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates: To Canada, United States of America, and the whole of Europe, THICK EDITION, *Two-pence-halfpenny*; THIN EDITION, *Three-halfpence*. To Australia, Brazil, Cape of Good Hope, China (via United States), Jamaica, Mauritius, and New Zealand, THICK EDITION, *Three-pence*; THIN EDITION, *Two-pence*. To China (via Brindisi), India, and Java, THICK EDITION, *Four-pence-halfpenny*; THIN EDITION, *Three-pence*.

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## A CORNER OF NEWHAVEN.

This is not Newhaven in Sussex, but a much less pretentious port, lying almost under the shadow of Arthur's Seat and Edinburgh town on the Firth of Forth. A quaint seaside place is the Scottish Newhaven, with a sleepy old-world flavour about it that contrasts markedly with Granton and Trinity on one side and Leith on the other. Famous for its fishermen, and still more for its fishwives, readers of Charles Reade's "Christie" (it should have been "Kirsty") "Johnstone" will remember the spot. A friend, famous as an amateur photographer, has seized upon a corner off the main street of Newhaven, and his picture forms the basis of the Sketch reproduced on another page. This corner of his is a court, which serves as the entrance-hall to the houses of the fisher-folk. Downstairs, a fisher-lad mends the crab-nets which the jaws and claws of these wily crustaceans have torn. Close by, a fisher lassie is baiting the haddock-lines with mussels, which last form a valuable commodity in the Firth. In the foreground, a fishwife, young and comely, as many of them are, is exchanging words with the lad who carries away the supply of baited lines in a basket; and on the stairs leading to the upper house stands a neighbour fishwife, who has returned from "Edinburgh town," and who, like her friend in the foreground, carries creel and basket slung from the shoulders as becomes her vocation. There is a picturesque character about these Newhaven lassies and wives which fairly rivals anything you see at Boulogne, Dieppe, Scheveningen, or elsewhere among fishing-towns. The elderly ladies of the fishing persuasion are notable for the number of petticoats they wear, the agglomeration of garments imparting a rotundity to the mature figure that is appalling to witness. The younger lassies wear the kilted skirt shown in the Illustration, the stripes contrasting with the dark blue of the cape or cloak. The headgear is a plain white cap destitute of the golden ornamentations and wondrous brooches which the Dutch fishwives affect. It is the simplicity of the dress which is the charm of the Newhaven lassies; and visitors to the north, one finds, always retain a lively recollection of the characteristic garb, and note with wonderment the spectacle of even aged wives, toiling up the steep streets of Edinburgh, creel on back, laden with the harvest of the sea—haddocks and codfish, skate and turbot, whiting and flounders, and in due season the "caller herrin," which emphatically represent "lives o' men," as the familiar song runs.

Newhaven, however, is a changed place of late years. Once upon a time its harbour was full of fishing-boats, broad in the beam, safe and roomy, and sailing as near the wind as any craft ever launched. Now, the boats are still there, but the glory of the fisher-craft has largely departed. Steam trawlers here, as elsewhere, have supplanted the old ways of fishing. In place of the fishermen putting to sea in their boats by the dozen, we find them sailing by twos and threes away out to the May, and elsewhere, in half-hearted fashion. Steam tugs and screw-boats with huge beam-trawls sweep the sea to right and left, and bring in the fish in tons where formerly they were captured by the dozen. The Newhaven men, it is true, still go farther afield, however, and sail away to Ireland and elsewhere when the herring season draws nigh, trying to seek better fortune in strange waters than they are likely to find at home. The early morning at Newhaven in summer-time, "when the boats come sailing in," and when the fish-auction is held at the top of the pier, is a time to be remembered. The fish-merchants are there, with carts and boxes; and in a short time the treasures of the Forth are carted off to Edinburgh and dispatched all over the country by rail, while the local shops are, of course, also duly supplied. The fishwife's real vocation, however, is the supply of a set of regular customers "in the town," as she names the adjoining city. She has her regular rounds, knows her houses of call, and does not, as a rule, visit the customers of her neighbour fishwives. The creel is deposited at the door of the house, and often the Scotch housewife will herself chaffer and bargain with Maggie Macfarlane or Lizzie Fluker: the local tradition being that a fishwife asks just double what she may ultimately be prevailed upon to accept for her fish. She is indignant at the trawlers and trawling. Speaking of haddocks, she vows that "ye never get a bonnie haddie oot o' a trawl-boat," and asserts, what is probably quite true, that one line-caught fish of her husband's boat is worth a dozen of the trawled haddocks. "They dinna" taste like haddies," I remember hearing a fishwife maintain on Newhaven Pier, as she was endeavouring to sell a couple of boiled "partans" (*Anglicised*, "crabs") to a passing visitor. "Other times, other manners" holds true of Newhaven, and probably the old glories of the place will ere long have vanished away entirely before the march of modern enterprise, with its steam trawlers and the gear which rakes the sea.

There is yet another phase of Newhaven life which one must not neglect to mention. What Greenwich is to London, Newhaven is to Edinburgh, in the matter of fish-dinners. Of old the Peacock Hotel at Newhaven was famous for its prandial treats of this description, and the Main family, as the proprietors of the caravanserai, were noted far and near for the excellence of the fare which they purveyed. You may still enjoy a fish-dinner at the "Peacock," and you will have your many courses of fish set down before you in a room which overlooks the Firth of Forth. Away in the distance is the coast of Fife; Inchkeith, fortified and armed, is in the foreground; the West Pier of Leith juts out into the sea; and, close by, you see Trinity Pier and Granton, now, alas! deserted, because of the Forth Bridge traffic. Burntisland, Kinghorn Cliffs, famous as the scene of Alexander's death, and the "lang toun" of Kirkcaldy, all nestle on the opposite shores. Steamers ply up and down on the glassy Firth; a full-rigged ship is sailing out to sea, as the sun goes down, with every stitch of canvas spread. The green woods of Aberdour relieve the brighter tints of field and sea; and, as the sunset deepens, you and I, old friend, will sit in the inn. Over "a cup of kindness" we will toast the days of auld lang syne, bringing back recollections of merry college times, and of friends we should see no more—thoughts these, that temper and soften regret with memories sweeter and fuller than all the rest. A. W.

Glasgow, like Edinburgh, is about to have a medical school for lady doctors, in Queen Margaret's College, as it is called. Dublin, Belfast, and London have similar institutions, so that there are five in the United Kingdom. They are intended to meet the increasing calls from the East for lady practitioners.

The Bishop of St. Albans, on Oct. 23, dedicated the Mission Church of St. Albans, which has been built in the ecclesiastical parish of St. Andrew's, Romford, to meet the wants of a thickly populated part of the parish. There was a large attendance of the clergy of the district, and a crowded congregation.

Mr. Henry M. Stanley received at Cambridge, on Oct. 23, the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws, which he was prevented from taking in June last. The Senate House was filled in every part, and the great traveller was received with genuine enthusiasm. In the evening there was an "At Home" at Trinity Lodge, and a dinner party to meet Mr. and Mrs. Stanley.





A CORNER IN NEWHAVEN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DR. T. W. DRINKWATER.



THE AMERICAN NAVY: STEEL PROTECTED CRUISER U.S.S. BALTIMORE.





ZENOBIA, QUEEN OF PALMYRA.  
FROM A PICTURE BY HERBERT SCHMALZ.



## ZENOBIA.

The brief prosperity and glory of Palmyra, a city of the Syrian Desert on the highway of Eastern commerce, which in the third century of the Christian era became the capital of Western Asia, may often have served "to point a moral and adorn a tale." Its site, four or five days' journey from Damascus, has been examined by Captain Conder for the Palestine Exploration Fund, but the architectural remains and the sculpture are described as rather feeble imitations of Greek classical art. Zenobia, the widowed Queen, who reigned after the death of her husband, Odenatus, from A.D. 267 to A.D. 273, claimed to be of Western descent, from the Macedonian rulers of Egypt; but the Palmyrenes called her Yeditha, meaning "the Jewess." She was a woman of high accomplishments, speaking the Greek and Latin as well as the Syriac or Aramaic language, and managed affairs of State with great ability until she provoked the hostility of the Roman Empire, which had previously been indebted to her husband for valuable aid against the King of Persia. Her favourite personal counsellor and literary adviser was Longinus, the Greek scholar and critic, who resided at her splendid Court. The siege and destruction of Palmyra by the army of the Emperor Aurelian, who carried off Zenobia to Rome, and compelled all the men able to bear arms to serve in the Roman legions—some of these soldiers came to Britain—will be recollected by readers of history. In the picture by Mr. H. Schmalz, which we have engraved, the deposed and captive Queen appears to be mourning over the sight of her burning city.

## OBITUARY.

## THE HON. CHARLES WILLIAM WHITE.

Colonel the Hon. Charles William White, of Cahircion, in the county of Clare, died at his London residence on Oct. 17. He was born Sept. 9, 1838, the fifth son of Colonel Henry White, on whom the Barony of Annaly was conferred in 1863. He was educated at Harrow, and entered the Scots Fusilier Guards in 1856. He retired as Lieutenant-Colonel in 1876. In 1859 he contested unsuccessfully the county of Clare, and in 1865 and 1866 the county of Dublin, but was elected M.P. for the county of Tipperary in the latter year, which he continued to represent, as a Liberal, till 1874. Colonel White was a popular landlord, a large employer of labour, and a firm friend of the poor. His beautiful residence of Cahircion was purchased in 1878. His two sisters were Ellen Eliza, wife of Colonel Holden, of Palace House, Lancashire, and Emilie Beaujolais, wife of the Hon. R. W. Grosvenor, eldest son of Lord Ebury. He survived all his brothers.

## PROFESSOR GALBRAITH.

The Rev. Joseph A. Galbraith, M.A., Senior Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, died at his residence, 46, Lansdowne-road, in that city, on Oct. 20. His death is deeply felt. He was an eminent scholar, an able mathematician, and a devoted Churchman. Born in Dublin, he was educated at Trinity College, where he graduated in 1839, and won his Fellowship in 1844, becoming a Senior Fellow in 1880. His joint editorship, with Dr. Houghton, of a celebrated series of school and college books of the highest repute led to his being considered one of the most distinguished teachers of the University. Originally a Conservative, he adopted, after the passing of the Irish Church Act, Home Rule politics. Mr. Galbraith held two offices in connection with his University—viz., Registrar, and Secretary to the Senate.

## MR. HENRY WALLIS.

Mr. Henry Wallis, whose death at the ripe age of eighty-five has been recently recorded, was an art-patron—although a picture-dealer—to whom this country owes a considerable debt. It is in a great measure owing to his industry and perseverance that foreign artists have found an outlet for their works in England. Nearly thirty years ago he took up the exhibition of French pictures which M. Gambart had inaugurated; and under his management the so-called French Gallery was firmly established upon a wider basis, Flemish, German, and Italian (to say nothing of Slav) artists finding in the Pall Mall Gallery a hospitable reception. Many an artist of Munich, Vienna, and other far-off art centres owes his pecuniary success to Mr. Wallis's discrimination; for while he bought foreign pictures freely, he showed a consummate knowledge of English taste. It would be impossible to mention a tithe of the names which his exhibitions have made familiar to English ears, and it would be equally impossible to say how much he had done for English artists and art-patrons by widening their knowledge of contemporary foreign schools. Mr. Henry Wallis, like his better-known brother Robert, had at one time practised as a line engraver, and had produced a number of landscapes, which still hold their place in popular esteem. But it was as a picture-dealer and an exhibition manager that he left his mark upon the art-world; and, although he soon found imitators and competitors, the exhibitions at the French Gallery in Pall-mall always had a special attraction, and generally included some works of more than average ability.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Rev. Fitzherbert Adams Marriott, Vicar of Chaddesley Corbett, Worcestershire, and formerly Archdeacon of Tasmania, on Oct. 19, at The Close, Exeter, in his eightieth year.

Mrs. Grace Trollope, wife of the Right Rev. Edward Trollope, D.D., Bishop of Nottingham, and daughter of the late Sir John H. Palmer, Bart., of Carlton, on Oct. 21, at the Rectory, Leasingham.

Lieutenant-Colonel John Richards Mackenzie Homfray, H.M.'s Bengal Army (retired), grandson of the late Sir Jeremiah Homfray of Llandaff House, in the county of Glamorgan, on Sept. 24.

Louisa Ellinor Lopes, the last surviving daughter of the Right Hon. Sir Massey Lopes, Bart., of Maristow, by Bertha, his first wife, daughter of the first Lord Churston, on Oct. 18, aged thirty.

Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Cyril Dudley Fortescue, on Oct. 26, aged forty-three, at Boconnoc, near Lostwithiel, Cornwall. He took part in the Suakim campaign, for which he received the medal with clasp and bronze star.

The Hon. Elizabeth Frederica Stuart, wife of Mr. Alexander Charles Stuart of Eaglescarnie, Haddingtonshire, and daughter of Lord J. George Lennox, M.P., on Oct. 19, at Eaglescarnie, aged sixty-two. She was formerly Maid-of-Honour to the Queen.

The Rev. Philip Salisbury Bagge, Rector for thirty-seven years of Walpole St. Peter, Wisbech, on Oct. 16, aged seventy-three. He was the fifth and youngest son of Mr. Thomas Philip Bagge of Stradsett, Norfolk, by Grace, his wife, daughter of Mr. Richard Salisbury of Lancaster, and brother of the late Sir William Bagge of Stradsett, M.P. for West Norfolk, who was created a Baronet in 1867. He married, in 1846, Julia, daughter of the Ven. Stephen Creyke, Archdeacon of York, and leaves issue.

## POEMS BY MR. HENRY ROSE.

On former occasions, since 1883, this Journal has noticed with approval the compositions of Mr. Henry Rose, a poet who can, which is rare, make with equal success both good blank verse of varied rhythmical cadence and rhymed stanzas of different patterns with unflinching metrical harmony. But his writings have also the merit of clearness, directness, and graceful ease in style, free from the tricks of inversion and transposition practised by some versifiers. What is more, his powers of imagination and inventive fancy are not inconsiderable. In the longer narrative poems, the stories of the "Three Sheikhs," "Aziz," and "Hassan of Aleppo," readers who like weird and wondrous romance, scenes of imaginary adventure, and mystic supernatural visions, with the fabulous glow of an Oriental clime over them, may take their pleasure abundantly; for these stories are told, in agreeable unrhymed lines, as evenly, currently, and straightforwardly as could be done in the best narrative prose. We entirely agree with the author's remark, in his short Preface, that the popular distaste for narratives of some length, in verse, is greatly owing to the frequent use of our language, by poets, in a manner different from the customary arrangement of grammatical parts in an English prose sentence; and he rightly observes that this license was permitted to "our earlier singers, with a language as yet hardly formed" to regular and uniform prose style, but is now felt to have a disturbing effect. Mr. Rose sets the example, at least, of handling our common English in the ordinary way, as if the metrical structure would arise of its own accord, but his fabric of versification is never the worse for compliance with the general usage of good modern writers.

The present volume, a collected edition of his "Works," published by Messrs. Reeves and Turner, contains all the Eastern romantic tales above mentioned, with "Abdallah," a new one of the same character; also, the series of pleasing English idylls called "Summer Dreams," with the story of Sir Everard Digby, one of the Gunpowder Plot conspirators, hidden and captured in his own rural mansion, and with an old soldier's tale of the storming of Badajoz; and the numerous short pieces that appeared in 1887, under the title "From West to East," in which series the English "Rustic Rhymes" are followed by "The Dryad's Destiny," by two lyrical dramas, "The Fairies' Stratagem," and "Life's Mystery," and



"THE MILL."

by two Oriental tales. Besides these, we have some very spirited songs from the cantata of "The Fishers," loyal and patriotic odes for the Queen's Jubilee, and a great variety of sketches of natural themes of thought and sentiment, romantic legends, and fables for children. So that there is a good deal of matter in this volume, and it is all tolerable poetry, much of it decidedly above the average of such productions. We certainly prefer Mr. Rose in the idyllic vein; in the simple contemplation of quiet English scenes, rambling on the banks of a stream, or in the woodlands, or in a green lane, and stopping to ask the passing labourer about the old family that used to live in this or that quaint old house. As we are permitted to borrow from this volume one of the illustrations, and have chosen that of "The Mill," a few lines may here be extracted which make us feel the suggestiveness of the picture:—

Behold a mill with gables high, and brown  
With age; and, close beside, the waters shot,  
Giving the turning wheel a foamy crown,  
And casting snowy flakes along the stream,  
Where alders bent above and flicked the rippling gleam.

The building had a dreamy, old-world look.

And as I sauntered up the weedy road,  
I heard, pervading all, the muffled din  
Of some uncouth machine that toiled and groaned within.

The doves flew up and settled on the roof;  
No human presence yet my sight had found:  
What could those dwellers be, who held aloof  
From all companions in that valley, bound  
To constant labour in their own behoof?  
Or what if, no one living there at all,  
The wheels and stones still turned, moved by the water's fall?

That is very simple, but it is poetry; for it is the expression of natural feeling in an imaginative mood.

Sir John Lubbock, M.P., opened a public hall at Orpington, Kent, on Oct. 22, the gift of Mr. Alfred Brown, a resident.

St. Stephen's, Westminster, which was closed during August for repairs, was reopened on Oct. 25 by the Bishop of London, in the presence of a large congregation, including the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Mr. Burdett-Coutts, M.P., Sir F. and Lady Pollock, Sir John Puleston, M.P., Sir John Hassard, and the Baroness Von Hagen. The church, which was erected in 1850 at the expense of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, has undergone considerable improvement, the principal innovation consisting in the substitution of the electric light for gas.

## WINTER PICTURE EXHIBITIONS.

## MESSRS. TOOTH AND SONS.

The rival galleries which flourish side by side in the Haymarket are unanimous in their apparent anxiety to anticipate the procession of the seasons. The public are no more willing to look for winter in October than they are hopeful to expect spring in March. The epithets still applied to these exhibitions mark the survival of old custom, and would seem to suggest that either picture-amateurs now belong to a different stratum, or that London calls back her children at an earlier date than formerly. Be this as it may, one is always ready to recognise the bright retreat which a picture gallery may make on an autumn afternoon, and should be duly grateful to our caterers.

Messrs. Tooth rely chiefly for the success of their present exhibition on an admirable and brand-new specimen of Mr. Alma Tadema's, and an equally delightful, but scarcely so new, contribution from Sir John Millais. Mr. Tadema's "Promise of Spring" (55) is a little larger than the majority of his small studies of Roman life in the days of the Empire. It is less bright in tone and colour, but in many respects more beautifully harmonised than some of his more brilliant productions. The pose of the girl, in a spotted gauze dress, and seated on a white marble bench, beneath the rich blossoms of an apple-tree, and the figure of the lover leaning over her, are all conceived and executed in the artist's most finished style. As a work of purely technical skill it would be difficult to imagine anything more complete, but as to its possessing any human interest is another matter. Sir John Millais's "Pomona" (92), on the other hand, tells in pretty language an everyday story of our autumn orchards. The little child, who has gathered in her wheelbarrow a number of the ruddy-cheeked apples which bestrew the ground, is not a doll or a lay figure, but a real English product, and one of which we regret the export to the United States. The picture was painted some six or seven years ago, when Sir John Millais's art showed no signs of failing, and has been made familiar by the late Mr. Cousins's admirable mezzotint. Among other English artists who show to advantage in this exhibition must be placed Mr. J. C. Hook, R.A., whose "Valley on the Moor" (7) is a pleasant instance of what this artist can do in pure landscape. The colours, although bright, are not in any sense crude, but there is a cramped feeling about the scene which somewhat mars the general effect of the moorland under the noonday sun. The specimen of John Linnell's work, "The Approaching Storm" (29), dated 1872, belongs to a good period of that artist's career; but the red sky is rather too orange, and the distant horizon too blue, to be accepted as a serious representation of the Surrey downs. Mr. D. Farquharson is coming out in considerable strength with a series of Scotch studies, of which those of "Early Summer" (27) and "In the Gloaming" (72), which recall the scenery round Ben Lomond, are the most noteworthy. Of Mr. Briton Rivière's "Of a Fool and his Folly there is no End" (50) we expressed our appreciation when it was hung at Burlington House; but we are glad of another opportunity of recognising the masterly skill he has shown in the drawing of his horses. Mr. B. W. Leader's bright scene "At Whittington" (52) is a sympathetic treatment of Worcestershire scenery, which he knows so well and paints so deftly. Mr. Peter Graham, Mr. H. W. B. Davis, and Mr. Ernest Parton are represented by works in their usual style, which call for no special notice; but Mr. Tom Collier's "Hinchelsea Heath" (80) is a more than usually good specimen of his rich colouring and breezy style. Mr. G. B. O'Neill's "Storming the Castle" (67) would furnish an admirable illustration to Florian's fable distinguishing the conqueror from the founder of an empire.

It is, however, to its foreign pictures that the exhibition will probably owe its chief attraction. M. Bouguereau's "La Pêcheuse" (75) is somewhat out of his usual style, and as a study of drawing and discreet colouring is admirable; but it can scarcely be regarded as interesting. Mrs. Elizabeth Gardiner, an American lady, shows, moreover, to what extent a devout pupil can imitate her master's work, for in her "Brother and Sister" (3) she has reproduced one of Bouguereau's well-known groups, and has succeeded in imitating the "mother-of-pearl" flesh tints for which the French artist is renowned. A far more interesting picture is M. Bastien-Lepage's impression of London—"The Thames at Blackfriars" (17)—painted in 1882, in which he has caught the atmosphere which overhangs the city, but has omitted all reference to the striking collection of Wren's steeples, which give picturesqueness to the scene; while in his treatment of St. Paul's he has failed to convey any idea of its majestic proportions, making it, in fact, subordinate to the block of modern buildings with which the Embankment opens from the City. M. De Munkacsy's "Tender Chord" (8) is a rearrangement of the figures which played a part in his previous picture exhibited in this gallery; but M. L'Hermitte's "Blaze of Noon" (14), M. Chaigneau's "End of the Day" (16), and Signor Sorbi's "Salutation" are more than usually good specimens of these masters' works. M. Max Gaisser's "A Rare Tome" (73) is on too large a scale for the subject, which represents an old bibliophile of the wealthy class inspecting an illuminated missal in the very aristocratic shop of a Flemish antiquaire. The group of Spanish painters, composed of Señores José Benlliure, José Gallegos, and Mas y Fonderar, who study at Rome, and produce annually such startling arrangements of costumes, scenery, and appointments, are each represented by a brilliant chromatic puzzle, in which the last-named alone seems to have any wish to throw meaning or feeling into his characters; but M. François Flameng belongs to a more restrained school of painting, and gives us a pleasant episode in the Court life of the youthful Joanna (97), whose early years were passed in the palace of the Alhambra. The wonderment of the child-Queen at the graceful action of the lady dancing before her is excellent, and the effect of the figures of the courtiers against the white-plaster background is original and pleasing. Almost equally successful is M. Jules Girardet's "Difficult Passage" (37), a pretty milk-maid having to pass the fire of compliments of the white-coated Swiss Guards lounging outside their barracks.

## MR. MCLEAN'S GALLERY.

Mr. McLean's central picture, "A Glade—Fontainebleau" (29), by Diaz, well deserves the place of honour awarded to it. It belongs to the best period of the artist's life (1860), when living at Barbizon in daily companionship with Millet and Rousseau. He gained from each an insight into nature, which he then invested with the richness of his Southern imagination. In this picture he seems to have found in the brilliant landscape almost enough of that sunlight in search of which he spent at the seaside the last years of his life, and, although the foreground of the picture is, in some respects, wanting in interest, it has the effect of heightening the beauties of the rest of the composition. It is not, we are aware, the custom of the managers of our public galleries to purchase works shown in picture exhibitions, but if it should ever occur to them that the French School is almost, if not quite, unrepresented both in Trafalgar-square and South Kensington, an opportunity is here offered of making a beginning which will not often recur. Unfortunately there are not



many other works of the same calibre in the gallery. Mr. McLean has at his beck and call the services of a number of German "Orientalists," who furnish with praiseworthy regularity pictures of Jerusalem, Cairo, and the like. Wilda, Bauernfeind, Deutsch, and others are, undoubtedly, skilful workmen, and have mastered the various phases of Eastern street life, have caught the effective bits of every mosque and gateway, and can render with truthfulness the faces and costumes of the people among whom they live. If, however, we compare these works with those of the Fromentin, Belly, or even Gérôme, we appreciate the gulf which separates the photographic art of the Germans from the imaginative work of the Frenchmen. It must be admitted that in both "The Gate of the Temple, Jerusalem" (6) and "The Great Mosque of Damascus" (28) Herr Bauernfeind has displayed an amount of laborious and prosaic industry which deserves immense credit: while Herr Wilda, with finer instincts but less application, has constructed an imposing scene out of the "Fête of the First Born" (12), while in his "Cairo Money Changers" (50) he even reaches a certain point of human interest; but, except for those for whom technical skilfulness is everything in a picture, we cannot appreciate the value of such productions. Of far greater interest in every sense are the finished sketches made by Mr. Ernest Crofts of the pictures he has been exhibiting for the last ten years at the Royal Academy. Painted on a much smaller scale, they impress us even more than the larger pictures with a sense of Mr. Crofts's powers as a military painter. The pictures of Wallenstein (16) passing through a village sacked by Tilly, of Ironsides returning from a fray (23), and of Napoleon leaving Moscow (21) show him to be a real master of military effect; while such works as Charles I. going to execution (18) and Hampden riding away from Chalgrove Field (22) show him capable, also, of seizing the sentimental side of history. Mr. Vicat Cole's "View on the Thames near Maple Durham" (24) recalls pleasant days before house-boats, steam-launches, &c., disturbed the peaceful beauty of the "silent highway"; but Mr. Peter Graham gives us an ever-fresh reminder of the Western Highlands in a "Bright Morning" (13), on which the sun has made its way through the mists and throws a bright glint upon the watery hills. Mr. Godward, who follows in some respects the footsteps of Mr. Alma Tadema, is attempting to work on too large a canvas such a slight theme as "Waiting for the Procession" (43). Mr. L. B. Hurt is as clever as usual in his dark view of the "Moorland round Kinlochewe" (38); but until he can get away from his master, Mr. Peter Graham, his work will always be open to the charge of imitateness. The only new-comer among the foreigners is a French—or, rather, Franco-Belgian—follower of Van Beers, M. Groegaert; but it is difficult to find anything to admire in the sexless figure, entitled "Idle Moments" (5), except the colouring; and his other work, "An Interesting Story" (53), though clever, is distinctly "canaille." One turns with pleasure to the fresh and healthy sentiment of Mr. Burton Barber's "Compulsory Education" (25), where a chubby child is vainly endeavouring to interest a fox terrier in the mysteries of the alphabet illustrated. When reproduced it cannot fail to be as popular as many of its predecessors.

These are the leading pictures of an exhibition which, although not of exceptional interest, contains several works which serve to show the state of painting in other countries besides our own.

#### THE NINETEENTH CENTURY ART SOCIETY.

The autumn exhibition of this society (Conduit-street Galleries), although scarcely up to the level of the summer display, contains several promising works, not a few of which are by painters hitherto unknown. In a quiet, unobtrusive way this society carries on the useful part of "go between" to the young artist and the timorous purchaser, both of whom are glad of the "protection" thus offered. The most striking picture in the room is Mr. Dering Courtois's "Gleaners" (192), a curiously Anglicised treatment of Bastien-Lepage's manner and subject. A woman and her child are returning homewards with their modest gathering—content, apparently, with the "harvest of the poor." The drawing of both figures is firm and bold, but the colouring, especially of the sky, is decidedly low, and even dirty, in tone. This defect, however, is less noticeable in Mr. Courtois's smaller works, "Spring Morning" (141) and the "View of Southwold" (158) from the Walberswick Marshes. Mr. H. G. Shaw shows some clever studies of dog life, painted with considerable breadth and dash—"Sleep on, Dear Love" (225) being a natural rendering of a Saint Bernard, and "A Whist Party" (26), a rather complicated group of dogs under very artificial conditions. Mr. Hamilton Marr, who may be looked upon almost as a veteran among the crowd of recruits, contributes some pleasant misty landscapes and sea-pieces, of which the "Inch Rock" (38) and the "Misty Windings of the Vale" (72) are good specimens. Mr. Farmer has made a good study of "A Sussex Farm Road" (44), but the horses drinking are a trifle wooden, and too much of the same texture as the farm buildings. Mr. Finley M'Intyre's "Christmas Eve" (101) aims a little too high, and he has scarcely realised the tones and reflections of which a stretch of snow is capable under the most leaden sky. Mr. Fuller Maitland tries his hand on a somewhat larger canvas than usual, but, notwithstanding the very sketchy way in which his "Lock" (114) is treated, he has a sense of sky and fresh air which is not to be found in the majority of the works in the room. Mr. Clifford Montague, on the other hand, deserves full credit for his pleasant rendering of a "Dutch Canal" (138), which gives a far better idea of some of the more rural bits of Holland than we generally see. Of Mr. Yeend King's "Afternoon Sunlight" (150) and other works, and of Mr. F. W. Hayes's "Llyn Dhu" (139), it is not necessary to speak. They have already made their mark as artists here and elsewhere, and these slight works are in no way discreditable. Miss Alice Maxse, a more recent comer, hopes to attract notice by "The Fisherman's Orphan Girl" (165), by its size rather than by the quality of the work, which is *trop lèche*. In other smaller works she shows more imagination and freedom, but she does not reach the level attained by Mr. W. S. Cunard in his clever "Twilight" (253), a work full of promise.

The water-colours, as usual, include better and more finished work than the oils, and we can especially point to the works of Signor Battaglia, Mr. M. Macintosh, Mr. Frank Angell, Mr. Harold Smith, Mr. James F. Redgrave, Miss Macarthur, Mr. Reginald Smith, and Mr. Batterton as full of promise, and often of achievement. The contrast offered by Mr. C. E. Cox's "Thames at Blackwall" (391) and Mr. H. Preston's "Thames at Chiswick" (404), both truthful and clever, is one of the best features of this room. Mr. Fred Davis's "St. Ives" (433) and Mr. H. Fuller's "St. Heliers Harbour" (443) are also praiseworthy; and the like may be said of Mr. Slocombe's and Mr. Holliday's etchings.

The portrait of Dr. Spence Watson, recently unveiled by Mr. John Morley at the Liberal Club, Newcastle-on-Tyne, was painted by Miss Lilian Etherington, of Stratford Studios, Kensington.

#### THE NEW M.P. FOR ECCLES.

The election for the Eccles Division of Lancashire resulted, on Oct. 22, in the success of the Gladstonian candidate, Mr. H. J. Roby, who polled 4901 votes, against 4696 votes for the Hon. Algernon Egerton. Mr. Roby is the son of a solicitor at Taunton, where he was born in 1830. In 1849 he went up to St. John's College, Cambridge, and was elected scholar and exhibitioner, graduating B.A. in 1853, as senior classic; he was elected the following year to a fellowship at St. John's, and was appointed tutor and classical lecturer. He remained at Cambridge until 1861, filling, among other offices, that of secretary to the Committee of the Cambridge Local University Examinations, and that of one of the examiners for the law tripos, the classical tripos, and moral science tripos. Upon leaving Cambridge he became an under-master at Dulwich College, and published his "Elementary Latin Grammar." From 1864 to 1868 he was secretary to the Schools Inquiry Commission, and in 1869 secretary to the Endowed Schools Commission, and, subsequently, Commissioner. During this period he was for two years Professor of Jurisprudence at



MR. H. J. ROBY,

M.P. FOR THE ECCLES DIVISION OF LANCASHIRE.

University College, London, where he lectured on Roman law. In 1874 Mr. Roby, who in 1861 had married Miss Ermen, daughter of Mr. Peter Ermen, removed to Manchester as a partner in the firm of Ermen and Roby.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. Franz Baum, of Manchester.

#### MUSIC.

##### ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Since our notice of the opening of Signor Lago's new season of this establishment the announcements have included "Les Huguenots," "Faust," a repetition of "Aida" (the opera given on the opening night, Oct. 18), "Il Trovatore," "Lucia di Lammermoor," and "Roberto il Diavolo." In the first-named work the characters of Valentina and Raoul di Nangis were sustained, respectively, by Mlle. Peri and Signor Perotti. The lady has a capable soprano voice, of good compass, and much dramatic earnestness. She produced a favourable impression in the duet with Marcello and the still greater subsequent duet with Raoul; but the use of the tremolo was too frequent. The representative of Raoul had been heard here in previous seasons. He is an experienced stage vocalist, with a powerful voice and much dramatic earnestness. He sang with good effect in the duel scene and in the great duet with Valentina. The part of the Page Urbano enabled Mlle. G. Ravogli fully to confirm the very favourable impression made by her as Amneris in "Aida" on the opening night. The lady is really an excellent vocalist and actress, and is a valuable member of the company. Mlle. Stromfeld, as Margherita di Valois, made her first appearance in England, and proved the possession of an agreeable light soprano voice and fluent vocalisation in the bright and genial music assigned to the character. Signor Galassi was an impressive San Bris, Signor Padilla an efficient Di Nevers, and Signor Meroles, as Marcello, was put to a disadvantage by hoarseness. Signor Arditì conducted.

In "Faust," Madame Fanny Moody appeared as Margherita, Mlle. Costanzi as Siebel, Signor Suane as Faust, Signor Novara as Mephistopheles, and Signor Padilla as Valentine. The lady first named has for several seasons been highly esteemed as an important member of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, and her performance on the occasion now referred to was attended with special success. In appearance, in vocalisation, and in dramatic yet unexaggerated earnestness she was alike excellent. The fluent delivery of the florid jewel song was powerfully contrasted by the deep sentiment and pathos of the subsequent scenes. The representative of Siebel was a new-comer. She has the advantage of youth and the possession of an agreeable although not a powerful voice. Of her merits, however, a more adequate notion may be formed from her future appearances. The representative of Faust has a prepossessing stage presence, and some good artistic qualities which would tell to greater advantage in the absence of the tremolo that was occasionally apparent—possibly caused by the nervousness of a first appearance here. Signor Padilla was an efficient Valentine, and Signor Novara an acceptable Mephistopheles. Signor Bevignani conducted.

In "Il Trovatore," Mlle. G. Ravogli appeared as Azucena, and her sister, Mlle. S. Ravogli, as Leonora. The first-named artist again manifested excellent qualities, vocal and dramatic, and the representative of Leonora appeared to still greater advantage than in her previous performance as Aida. Signor Galassi's Count di Luna was again a welcome feature, as in previous seasons. Signor Bevignani conducted.

The performance of "Lucia di Lammermoor" included Mlle. Stromfeld's bright and facile vocalisation in the character of the heroine, in which she improved on the impression made by her previous appearance. This was, to some extent, also the case with Signor Suane, as Edgardo. A

prominent feature was the impressive performance of Signor Padilla as Ashton, the subordinate part of Raimondo having received its due importance from Signor Fiegna. Signor Arditì conducted.

The revival of Ponchielli's "La Gioconda," announced for Oct. 23, was postponed, owing to the indisposition of several of the principal artists; and the performance of "Il Trovatore" was substituted.

The Italian version of "Robert le Diable" was given on Oct. 25. This was the first of Meyerbeer's three great romantic historical operas—"Les Huguenots" and "Le Prophète" being the others, "L'Africaine" having been a posthumous production, and, therefore, not having had the advantage of the composer's revisions and alterations, such as Meyerbeer always made to a very large extent in those works which were produced under his supervision. "Roberto il Diavolo" had not been heard here for some considerable period, and its recent revival by Signor Lago had special interest on that account. On this occasion the title-character was sustained by Signor Perotti, who was heard to even greater advantage than in his previous appearances, especially in the declamatory passages, in which his resonant high chest notes told with great effect. The two principal female parts, Alice and the Princess Isabella, were filled respectively by Madame Fanny Moody and Mlle. Stromfeld. The first-named lady gave a charming impersonation of the devoted peasant girl, and sang with genuine unaffected sentiment; the sympathetic quality of her voice and her cultivated method having been especially admirable. The bright and courtly music of the Princess was fluently if not powerfully sung by the representative of the character, who also gave the pathetic appeal to Robert, "Roberto, O tu che adoro," with well-intended sentiment. The important character of the fiend Bertramo was represented by Mr. Charles Manners, hitherto very favourably known on the English operatic stage. He has a voice of pleasing quality, and a good method of vocalisation. His make-up was picturesque, and his aspect sufficiently satanic; but his manner might well have been a little more so, without undue exaggeration. Signor Guetary sang the music of the peasant Rambaldo sufficiently well to produce a favourable impression, and the still more subordinate characters were adequately filled. In the ghastly revels of the cloister-scene Miss L. Loveday (from the National Training School for Dancing) appeared as Elena, the Superior of the resuscitated nuns. Signor Arditì conducted.

Of subsequent performances we must speak later, as also of the promised first appearance, for the first time this season, of Madame Albani.

It is gratifying to hear that the Queen has taken a box for Signor Lago's season of the Royal Italian opera.

#### THE BRISTOL FESTIVAL.

There is but little to add to our previous notice of this celebration, the sixth repetition of which closed on Saturday, Oct. 25. The performances were devoid of novelty, but comprised important works which gave an intrinsic value to the occasion. The sacred performances were inaugurated by Gounod's oratorio "The Redemption," in which the principal solo vocalists were Madame Albani, Misses Macintyre and H. Wilson, Mr. Lloyd, Mr. I. McKay, Mr. A. Black, Mr. Worlock, and Mr. W. Mills.

In "Elijah" the chief soloists were: Mesdames Albani and Hope Glenn, Mr. I. McKay, Mr. Worlock, and Mr. A. Black. The last-named gentleman made a special impression by his impressive delivery of the important music of the Prophet.

Dr. Parry's "Judith" has been so fully commented on in reference to its production at the Birmingham Festival of 1888 that mere mention of its introduction to a Bristol audience may now suffice. The principal soloists on this occasion were: Misses Macintyre and H. Wilson, Mr. Lloyd, Mr. B. Pierpoint, and Mr. W. Mills.

The "Messiah" wound up the festival, on Oct. 25. The chorus-singing throughout the festival was generally of a very high order, and the performances were in every respect worthy of the music and the occasion.

Of the two miscellaneous evening concerts it is only requisite to say that, at the first, the fine singing of the Bristol Festival Choir was heard specially in Mr. C. H. Lloyd's unaccompanied eight-part chorus "To Morning," and that Sir Arthur Sullivan's dramatic cantata "The Golden Legend" was a principal feature at the second concert.

The duties of conductor of the festival were excellently fulfilled by Sir Charles Hallé.

The opening of the new series of Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall (on Oct. 20) was followed by the first of this season's Saturday afternoon concerts on Oct. 25. The members of the string quartet party were the same as at the first evening concert—Madame Néruda, Mr. L. Ries, Herr Straus, and Signor Piatti—all of whom have long contributed their excellent talent to these concerts. The quartet at that now referred to was Mendelssohn's in A minor, op. 13, which, it need scarcely be said, was worthily interpreted. The pianist on this occasion was M. Paderewski, whose brilliant executive powers have too often been lauded to need fresh commendation. His principal display on the occasion now referred to was in Beethoven's solo sonata "Appassionata"; besides which he was associated with Madame Néruda and MM. Straus and Piatti in Brahms's pianoforte quartet in A major. Vocal solos were contributed by Miss L. Lehmann. For the evening concert of Oct. 27 M. Paderewski was again announced as the solo pianist; the string quartet party having been constituted as before.

The third of the present series of Saturday afternoon concerts at the Crystal Palace took place on Oct. 25, when that skilful violinist M. Saurer displayed his executive powers in Raff's difficult concerto in A minor, op. 206. A cleverly written "Romance" for orchestra, composed by M. Couldery (forming a portion of a "suite"), was also a feature of the programme, which also included vocal solos rendered by Miss Thudichum. The promenade concerts on Thursday and Saturday evenings offer many attractions to surrounding residents.

Madame Berthe Marx (an accomplished pianist whom we have before had occasion to commend) gave a recital at St. James's Hall on Oct. 23, when her programme comprised a varied selection of pieces calculated to display her command of different styles. Other recent pianoforte recitals by a skilled executant were those of Madame Essipoff. Of the promised appearance of Brahms Van Den Berg (a young Belgian pianist who is highly spoken of) we must speak hereafter. Mr. Van Mulder gave a concert on Oct. 28 at Steinway Hall; and the Shinner concert was held at Princes' Hall on the 30th.

We are pleased to hear of the successful début in Italy of Signorina Agnese Giglio, eldest daughter of Mrs. Jobling (*née* Miss Emily Cross). The Milanese journals speak in high terms of her ability.

Of the arrangements for the second triennial festival at Cheltenham we have already given some outlines. Any comments on the performances (which did not close until the last day of October) must be made later.





THE FISH SUPPLY: SKETCHES OF A FISH-MARKET.

SEE NEXT PAGE.



## ABOUT BOSTON AND ITS FISHERIES.

The express which rushes down to Peterborough from King's Cross doubtless plies its lightning path through many pleasant scenes, and gives you glimpses of sweet meadow-lands alternating with willow-edged rivers, and with cosy farmhouses nestling here and there in the shade of the trees. Noisy London is left far behind in half an hour; and ere you have finished glancing through the morning paper, and familiarising yourself with yesterday's doings, good deeds and follies alike, you find yourself flashing through Hitchin and its chalk cuttings, and speeding onward to St. Neots and to sober Huntingdon town. Then Peterborough Cathedral comes in view, looking, as to its towers, more stunted than any other big church one remembers to have seen, but, internally, a very fine edifice for all that. There is the usual shouting and bustle at Peterborough. What some travellers would do without their comforting cup of Bovril, or the glass of milk they consume at leisure at our principal stations nowadays, is hard to say. We are growing, day by day, more luxurious in our habits, and nowhere does one see this increase of luxury better illustrated than in railway-travelling. Our sleeping-saloon and Pullman trains, our comfortable padded third classes, our dinners and our luncheon baskets, these and many other items teach us that the iron horse has been a civiliser in more respects than one. But these are only thoughts by the way, while one waits for the branch train to start. I am bound to Boston, which is short for St. Botolphstown, I fancy, and we leave the main line at Peterborough, and dive away north-east towards Boston Deep, which is the north part of the Wash, with Lynn Deep as the intermediate portion of the big indent on our coast. Presently we fly through flat lands in earnest. Once past Spalding, you may well fancy you are in Holland. Everything is flat, but everything is nice and green, and the very waterways and rivers are as trim and exact as anything you will see in Dutch-land across the sea. So like is Lincolnshire in this part to Holland, or even to a little bit of Belgium near Antwerp, that one feels tempted to rub the eyes lest one should not awake to the reality that this is English soil. Yet another illusion awaits me. For ahead, I see in the distance the spire of St. Botolph's Church of Boston town, one of the most famous of edifices in a county that is noted for its beautiful spires. Anything which, at a distance, and on a rough glance, more forcibly suggests that fairy lightness of the cathedral spire of Antwerp than the tower of St. Botolph's Church at Boston, I have never seen. As you alight at the station, you might almost expect to hear the cries and shouts of the Antwerp hotel "touts," and to see the universal gendarme on duty round the corner. But it is real genuine Lincolnshire around you, after all; and so, under the guidance of a kindly host, who has Boston and its welfare always closely at heart, I am trotted off to see as much as may be visible during a brief sojourn, of the fine old town and its fishing industries.

The river of Boston is the Witham, which is naturally tidal in character, and, as it happens, to-day presents us with but a fine expanse of mud-banks, at the bottom of which rolls along the lazy stream. Whence the name "Witham" was derived is uncertain, but learned folks say that it comes from "Witheham," the "village among the withes or willows." On its banks Lincoln also stands, and when William the Conqueror was in power, Lincoln itself seems to have enjoyed a share of water-traffic of very considerable amount. Some six years or so gone by, Boston folks carried out a wonderful piece of enterprise with reference to the improvement of the approach to their town from the sea. This was the construction of the "New Cut," whereby, in place of a round-about journey from the Witham to the sea, they could sail or steam comfortably and quickly down a safe channel, made through the sands and clays, into deep water. Unless, therefore, you have a recently constructed chart of the Witham mouth, you will fail to know what Boston folk have done in the way of making a safe waterway into their town; and you must also know of the big dock, some seven acres in extent, which has been made, also by local enterprise, for the due reception of ships and steamers. Of the new dock, our Artist has given a capital sketch, viewing it from the land side, as it were, and looking towards the fish-market, whereof more anon. Now, what Boston has really done for itself is in this way both wonderful and commendatory; but one would like to advocate the claims of the good old town with that important body the Directorate of the Great Northern Railway. Might I ask this body, collectively, why, in these days of commercial enterprise and railway competition, Boston is not made by the railway a really great seaport? Look at its position on the map. You observe that from Boston you can strike straight across country to tap all the great midland hives of industry. Nottingham, Derby, Sheffield, Birmingham, and many other cities are within easy reach; and grain-cargoes, sugar, wood, and the thousand and one other products which are now taken to Grimsby or Hull or the Tyne, could, I think, be landed at Boston much more directly and easily from the Continent, and more readily and swiftly transported by rail to the English centres. Bostonians have really good cause to indulge in a grumble at the apathy of the Great Northern magnates, when, with a safe channel and a fine large dock, their shipping interests are not backed up or encouraged by the railway, which practically monopolises the traffic of the port. So, Messieurs the Directors, I trust this hint will not be thrown away upon you. You have done admirable and wonderful things in the way of the Forth Bridge, and of seeing that your Scotch expresses do their long journeys to the minute. These things are done with, however; so please to remember that Boston only waits your kind attention and your helping hand to make it a great and flourishing seaport town.

Whatever aid Boston may receive from outer sources, it is certain that Bostonians have been exemplifying the wisdom of the advice which advises folks to "help themselves." Everybody knows that Yarmouth and Lowestoft folks pursue the silvery herring, and that Grimsby is famous for its deep-sea trawlers, as also are the Tyne and the Forth. Boston can now rank with the other trawling centres, in that there exists a most flourishing commercial concern, known as the "Boston Deep Sea Fishing and Ice Company," which keeps the port lively enough with its comings and its goings. The town has long been famous for the fishes which are caught off its coasts. To begin with lower life, we have "Boston cockles," which are famous over a very large area of England; they are gathered from the sands, parboiled, shelled, and in this half-cooked condition are sent by railway in bags, chiefly to Bristol and the West of England at large, where they are sold and consumed as delicacies by the masses. Then come the shrimps, which are of first-rate quality—an opinion which a visit to Boston Fish Market enabled me to confirm personally. The shrimp-boats use a small trawl, and bring up their transparent prey by the half-million. Whelks of gigantic size are also plentifully taken; and, if you visit the market, you will find a novelty in the shape of small crab-claws offered for sale. But these are mere odds and ends in the fish line. What you must see, as the trawlers come in, are the treasures of the deep sea, which have been industriously fished for several days on end. I am reminded that Boston

Deep soles have long been famous in the market. These are fine, full-bodied fishes (as full-bodied as soles may be), which possess a flavour that is all their own. Frank Buckland was of opinion that their flavour was really due to their feeding upon certain lower plants with which the Witham waters teemed, and which were swept down into the deeps by that river. The fisher's classification of his wares is peculiar. He divides his catch into "offal," "score," and "prime." The "offal" includes such fishes as haddocks, plaice, gurnards, and the like. The haddocks, gutted and fresh, are sold as "live fish"; even the heads and tails, which are chopped off, being utilised as manure. The "score" fish include cod, ling, hake, and rock salmon. They are sold by the "score," and are of course gutted. The "prime" fishes are the soles, turbot, brill, halibut, sturgeon, and the like. This last, "the royal fish," does turn up in the trawl now and then, and its flesh is a delicacy which, however, I will add, to be fully appreciated, must be cooked by an expert.

Thus much for the fish-harvest itself. Now as to the means which are employed for its collection. The Boston Deep Sea Fishing Company own some twelve trawlers, and others are on the stocks. These boats, nowadays, are all screw-steamers. In the old days, sailing-smacks were used, as indeed they still are employed elsewhere along the coast. But the employment of smacks necessitated the building of steam-vessels or "carriers" to bring the fish home. The danger of conveying the fish from the smacks to the "carrier" in small boats and in rough weather was often very great; so, wisely, the steam-trawler has replaced the sailing-smack, and the former runs home her own cargo, and saves all danger and delay in transhipping the fish. It is no light matter to start and maintain such a fleet as this Boston Company possesses, for each vessel and its gear costs about £5000. A trawler is, on an average, about 85 ft. or 100 ft. in length; it steams from nine to ten knots an hour; and it is built stoutly, as becomes a ship which, for seven or eight days at a time, has to endure the buffeting of the North Sea. The trawlers of Boston are all named after local villages. Thus the latest addition to the fleet is the "Benington," and another is the "Leverton." I have said these vessels leave for a seven or eight days' trawl, and this means that they spend their time on the Dogger Bank, or may go as far as the Jutland ground itself. The fishing is, of course, pursued more or less continually during the voyage, and the fish are preserved on board in ice against the return of the vessel; so that a steam-trawler is not merely a ship which, with its trawls, steam-winch, and so forth, scrapes the bottom of the sea, but is also a kind of voyaging ice-house on a small scale. A trawler will leave Boston for a voyage, say, with forty tons of coal and ten tons of ice on board. Even the ice question, it is evident, has to be duly considered, both as regards its form of shipment and its preservation. At Boston Dock you are invited to enter the ice-house of the Fishing Company. Upstairs, you see the big blocks of Norway ice ready to be treated for the trawler's use. A gas-engine is whirling and working on the floor below. It is driving a kind of "devil," or crushing-mill. In this apparatus, the workman places a block of ice. You hear a sound of crushing and smashing such as you are not likely to experience outside a bone-mill, and then when you go downstairs again you behold other ice blocks, which have been similarly treated, shot down a scoop into barrels or kits. It is a store of these ice-filled kits which each trawler will take out with her, and in which she will bring home the spoils of the deep, packed in the preservative ice. The trawls themselves are huge machines. Each may be described as a huge net-pocket attached to a beam of wood, some fifty-two feet long. The beam is made of elm or similar wood, and comes from Ostend. The trawl-head is a large iron clamp, and each vessel carries a spare trawl, with duplicates of most other details of the gear, so that no untoward accident may interfere with the progress of the fishing. In shooting the trawl, the net is first put overboard and carefully adjusted so that it may not "foul," and the beam is finally let go, and held attached by its steel cable, which is attached to and worked by a powerful steam-winch on deck. Very compact boats are the Boston trawlers. There is no space wasted on board, but there is plenty of room nevertheless for all the operations of the fishery. From the railed-in spaces on the fore deck into which the fish are shot from the trawl, to the cupboards in which the full ice-packed kits are stored, not an inch of space exists but is utilised. Comfortable quarters for skipper, mate, and crew are also found, and not the least admirably arranged part of the vessel is the neat galley in which the culinary operations of the vessel are conducted. At Boston, the fishing company not merely make their own nets—they are spun by women-folks—but in their workshops on the quay they make every necessary of their industry, from block and tackle to their steamers' lamps. The smiths' shops and carpenters' shops are admirably organised, and all ordinary repairs to both nets and boats are carried out by the company itself. From which things it is clear our Bostonians know both how to save money and to insure that things are perfectly done by doing them themselves.

The advantage of the procedures I have described in the case of the trawling industry is that the fish are landed in capital condition, fresh and clean in their ice-packing, and free from the damage which boxing the fish invariably entails. There is no transhipment save from the ship's hold to the sale-room at Boston Dock, the scene which our Artist has depicted. Here things are lively enough on the arrival of the trawlers. The procedure is carried out by "Dutch auction"—that is, the bidding begins high, and descends, in place of the ascending scale of the ordinary auction-room. When the auctioneer has reached the figure at which the buyer thinks he may profitably trade, the latter calls "Hit!" but I fancy there must be some sharp work both of eyes and ears done by the company's salesman when two or more buyers call out at once as their limit of price has been reached. The weighing of the fish is performed by the mate of the trawler.

Now for a few financial details about the trawling industry of Boston town. The gross sales of fish at Boston for the year ending March 31, 1890, may be set down at £40,000 value. This is in itself a large amount, but that it will grow and increase admits of no reasonable doubt. The total amount of fish landed at Boston in the year just named amounted, of "offal" fish to 2643 tons; of "score" fish, 3133 scores, equal to 313 tons 6 cwt.; and of prime fish, 424 cwt. What all this industry would mean to the world at large in the way of cheap fish, if the "middleman" became extinct, I need not say; but I can at least mention one gratifying fact about Boston itself—namely, that since the fishing has been so actively pursued, the scheme of cheap dinners for the poor has not been required to be set in operation as a public and charitable movement. On an average, as I am informed, half a ton of fried fish, sold at a cheap rate, is disposed of every night in the town. This looks as if the problem of fish as a food for the people, where it can be had cheap, has, at least, been successfully solved in the Lincolnshire port.

A final remark may be made regarding the earnings of the trawlers themselves. The captain and mate of a steam-trawler take no wages, but receive share of the net profits derived from

the public sale of the fish they catch. Neither man has any investment in the actual hull of the ship—a point, I make bold to say, which testifies to the liberality of the Boston Fishing Company; and the contention, I think, is only just, that in the case of a vessel, say, of the value of £5000, the captain and mate should possess some invested capital. This would be only fair to the company, and would, moreover, give the men a deeper interest in the successful working of their craft. As a trawling captain can earn from £200 to £250 per annum, it should be easy enough for him in the course of a few years to save money enough wherewith to invest a certain amount in the company which has so ably fostered the industry whereby the fishers live.

Boston looks bonny in the waning sunlight, and its church tower stands out clearly against the evening sky. Past quaint old buildings with black and white fronts, and past the old crumbling Guildhall, I hurry to the train. Presently I am rushing back citywards through the green pastures, and by the Dutch-like streams once again. Peterborough is soon left behind, and, as I fall into a comfortable doze, the sound of the wheels becomes transformed into the roar of the waves, and the engine-whistle is the shriek of the wind. I am on board the "Benington," of Boston, buffeting the waves of the North Sea. The trawl is being hauled slowly aboard, and I can already see the gleam of the fish in the meshes of the net. The vessel gives a lurch as a big sea strikes her. I am knocked off my feet and hurled over the bulwarks, and as I am whirled away into the waste of waters I hear the stentorian voice of the skipper crying out, "Finsbury Park! Tickets ready!" And so I am thankful to find I have only been in Dreamland, and not very much at sea after all. ANDREW WILSON.

## MARRIAGES.

Mr. Gerald Loder, M.P., fourth son of the late Sir Robert Loder, Bart., was married to Lady Louise de Vere Beauclerk, eldest daughter of the Duke of St. Albans, in St. Peter's Church, Eaton-square, on Oct. 25. The Prince of Wales arrived a few minutes before the bride, and was received by Mr. Albert Grey, uncle of Lady Louise, who conducted his Royal Highness to a seat facing the chancel, beside the Duchess of St. Albans. The bridesmaids, eight in number, comprised the Ladies Sybil, Moyra, Katherine, and Alexandra Beauclerk, sisters of the bride; Lady Sybil McDonnell and Miss Vere Dawnay, her cousins; and Miss Burrell and Miss May Burrell, nieces of the bridegroom. Mr. Henry Hussey accompanied Mr. Loder as best man. At a quarter past twelve the bride entered the church, leaning on her father's arm, and at once passed to the chancel steps, preceded by the choristers singing a processional hymn. The bride's dress was of white satin, bordered all round with a deep flounce of Brussels lace, the long train being also edged with a band of Russian sable. A long sash, fringed with silver, fell at one side, and the bodice was draped with, and the sleeves composed of, the lace. Sprays of orange-blossoms were arranged in the hair and covered by a Brussels lace veil; and her ornaments included diamond solitaire earrings, her father's gift. The bridesmaids' costumes were of soft white silk, with chiffon fichus, and Gainsborough hats trimmed with old-rose velvet and white ostrich feathers. Each wore a pair of pins formed of the initials "L" and "G" in brilliants, connected by a fine gold chain and pearls, the gift of the bridegroom, and carried a large posy of pink carnations. The Bishop of Southwell performed the ceremony, assisted by the Rev. John Storrs, the Vicar, and the Rev. Archibald S. Hawthorne, M.A., Vicar of Bestwood, and private chaplain to the Duke of St. Albans, the bride being given away by her father. The wedding presents to the bride included a diamond dragon-fly from the Prince of Wales.

The marriage of Captain H. E. Lacon of Ackworth House, East Bergholt, and the Hon. Margaret (Greta) Erskine, only daughter of Lord and Lady Erskine of Spratton Hall, took place on Oct. 23, in the parish church of Spratton, Northampton. Miss Malcolmson, Miss Rowley, Miss Roberts, Miss Grimble, and Miss Lacon, cousins of the bride and bridegroom, and Miss Bryan were the bridesmaids; and Mr. Cecil Lloyd-Anstruther attended the bridegroom as best man. Lord Erskine gave his daughter away.

The marriage of José Delavat, Spanish Minister at Brazil, to Amelia Dorothea, widow of the late M. Pereira de Faria, was celebrated on Oct. 25 at the Church of St. James, Spanish-place, by the Rev. F. Laughton, in the presence of the Marquis De Casa Laiglesia, Ambassador of Spain, of M. De Sousa Correa, Brazilian Minister in London, and of several friends. The bride was given away by Sir Patrick O'Brien.

Lord Brownlow, Lord Lieutenant of Lincolnshire, formally opened a new drill-hall at Spalding on Oct. 24. The Spalding and Gosberton Corps provided a guard of honour upon the occasion.

On the recommendation of the Secretary for Scotland, the Queen approves of the appointment of Moir Tod Stormonth Darling, Esq., advocate, Q.C., her Majesty's Solicitor-General for Scotland, to fill the vacancy on the Scottish Judicial Bench occasioned by the resignation of the Right Hon. Lord Shand, one of the Senators of the College of Justice.

The first general meeting of the British Astronomical Society was held on Oct. 24 at the rooms of the Society of Arts, Mr. W. H. Maw presiding. The society has lately been formed to secure the more thorough co-operation of astronomical observers throughout the country, and to meet the requirements of many who, though taking an interest in the science, found themselves precluded from joining the Royal Astronomical Society. It was stated that the society numbers 283 members.

The foundation-stone of the Eiffel Tower to be erected at Douglas was laid on Oct. 24, with Masonic honours, by Earl Lathom, Deputy Grand Master of the Freemasons of England, who was accompanied by a large number of Lancashire and Cheshire Freemasons and the directors of the Douglas Suspension Bridge Company, Limited, to whose bridge the tower is to form an approach. The structure will comprise six floors, to be used severally as theatre, dancing saloon, concert hall, bazaar, shops, and observatory. The tower will be as high as St. Paul's Cathedral, the estimated cost is £80,000, and it is expected to be completed by the Midsummer of 1892.

The matriculation at Cambridge for the present term was held on Oct. 21 in the Senate House. Each student who has commenced residence this term is required to sign his name in the book provided for that purpose in the presence of the Registry of the University, and to subscribe a declaration of obedience to the statutes and ordinances of the University. The ceremony occupied several hours. The total number matriculated was 865, showing a decrease of 83 as compared with the Michaelmas term 1889, when the number matriculated was the largest on record. There was not a single Fellow Commoner, 846 matriculated as pensioners, and 19 as sizars. The numbers matriculated in the Michaelmas term of the three preceding years have been as follows: 1887, 902; 1888, 867; 1889, 948.



TOWN AND COUNTRY.

The contrast between living in town or country comes to us most forcibly in November; when, dreary as this month is to all town-dwellers, it is dreariest to those who live in London; yet, to exchange then their city life for a rural one, for awhile, is the last thing they think of, though time and means may be at their disposal, and a few hours would take them from the densest fog to brisk, bright, airy regions. In town, where all the surroundings then are dismal, but little can be seen for yellow vapour, save gaslight all day in the shops and streets, and lights upon the river. But in the country, and notably so in that woodland county, Worcester-shire—or, say, in that lovely part of it through which winds the Teme—how changed is all in this gloomy month! as, in place of the sombre tints of town, you have the sky there still blue, the distance clear, and a mass of restful greenery; for of the softest greens are all the hills, and there are green glades and swards and orchards. Often, too, at this time of the year, and before the frosts set in, the air is there so soft and the herbage so fresh and dewy that you would scarcely know that it is so late in the year, were it not for the absence of flowers and the presence of leaves. But, even later on, there we find charm—ay, when the trees are bare, in the beauty of their branching and their tracery of twigs, shown boldly next the sky; and in the pleasant peeps of distance, then seen plainly, that foliage long had hidden when boughs were clothed with leaves and trees were thicker, and all had been shut out by closest leafage.

Then, too, the varied greens shine most distinctly—the pine, the fir, the yew, the holly, and the ivy—as they gain by contrast with the tawny tinge; and it is then, also, that the commons, sheeted with colour from the tinted bracken, show best their rugged beauty. Nor does the landscape, at that time of year, lack accessories, or the scene animation; for the fern-gatherers are about the heaths and the hollows, and the youngsters are in the lanes, busy at blackberries, or hunting for late acorns or beech-mast; while old dames, with folded aprons, gather sticks, withered and old and dry, to feed their fires, and men are out upon the land with teams, or hurdlings-off for sheep. And there are then sounds as well as sights; for the woodman with his axe is felling stubs for fuel in the winter, while pheasants, startled by the ringing blows, rise up from out the bracken, with sudden whir and flash of burnished colour, and rabbits show their white tails as they run. The wood-pigeons, too, feasting on ripe berries in the coppice, coo there softly to their friends the squirrels; while rooks, wheeling and circling round the tall tree-tops, keep cawing noisily before they settle. Then, the thrushes and blackbirds are at the haws in the hedges, and the titmice are in the gardens, the robins on the palings, and the wagtails at the springs, and all about the farms farm-sounds come clearly—such as the lowing of cows and the neighing of horses, the bleating of sheep and the cackle of fowls, the stamps in the stables, the rattle of chains, and the musical clink of gears—fresh sights and sounds to the London dweller, when, with him, all things, through the heavy air, were obscured, and the city's loud hum was deadened.

With most people, though, October is always thought to be the month of all months for the russet tints, and so it is near town, where leaves, that come there early, fall the sooner; but in the country—and markedly so in this woodland part of Worcestershire—it is seldom that the trees obtain to their full autumnal beauty until the first or second week in November—or even later, as was the case last year; but then their rich hues deepen day by day, and such a glorious flush comes spreading through the trees, that it is a sight each year worth seeing—woods, heaths, and hedgerows clothed with glowing colour; crimson and gold and green, purple and amber, brown olive and russet; a combination of tone and tint that does a man good to see. No walk is too short then for contentment, as the quietude of it is the greatest boon, and the peace of it all most welcome; and that love of the country—that exists in most of us, if but seldom shown—grows stronger there while you stay. Then what a joy it is, too, at early morning—forgetting London streets and city work—to hunt for mushrooms on the green hill-sides, and bring them back for breakfast; to turn out with your gun, or stroll through woods where all is silent, save the rustle of your footfall as you go through the dead leaves that fill the winding paths with mellow colour; or to go down to the river, rod in hand, in quest of grayling, for which that stream, the Teme, is justly famed throughout the month of November. Though, if you are not a fisherman, a row suffices; as for miles and miles that river winds through richest pastures, by hopyards, orchards, corn, and meadow-land; between high hills and overhanging woods, now dark with alders and then light with willows; here open to the sky, and wide and shallow there, shut in by thick leafage, dusk and deep. The change is endless, and each one is pleasing. Or if, in lieu of a row, you take a turn through the village—through either one there, as they are alike—how old-fashioned and primitive it all is, though consisting of but one street, where are half-timbered houses with bulging fronts, and weather-stained low-mossed cottages; an old inn with its high sign, trough and tree, and a green—tenanted by donkeys and flocks of geese—where is a windlass-well under a thatched pent-house, and a pound by some rusty stocks. Children will be in the roadway and fowls on the pavement, and the old gossips will be knitting at the open doors, on the look-out for the arrival of some stranger, when they will wonder where he is going. The wheelwright, as “clerk,” is the one looked up to, and the smith, as “the viol,” thinks he is the main man there, as at the grey old church, ringed round with yews, “the instruments,” as in old days, reign triumphant.

If then, at this time of the year, November—when the attractions of the country are so lessened, and its charms so shorn—we find such pleasure in it, what must those attractions be, when seen beneath blue sky and summer sun; when the vast woods thicken, and the high hills green or grey beneath cloud-shadows stealing up them! What, when the birds sing out on every bough, and melody is heard in every thicket; when fields, so barren now, are then clothed with crops—the golden corn, the soft white bending barley, the sweetly scented beans, the luscious clover, the perfumed meadow-grass, the fragrant hops—and wafts come to you of wild-thyme and gorse, and you can stroll hip high through ferns! What must the charm be then, when up and out—ay, almost with the sun, while yet the dew hangs on the bushes, you walk through lanes where hawthorns are bunched with bloom and wild-roses are budding! What must it be there when, above such woods, that hang upon the hills and touch the valley, the daylight dies, and twinkling stars come out, just one by one, the while the round red harvest-moon is slowly rising, casting a softened light on tree and tower, and shadows on the meadows! In daylight, and by moonlight, all is beauty; in sun or shade it does not cease to charm, there, in that valley—that wondrous valley of the twisting Teme, the prettiest of rivers; a place worth going to at any time, even in drear November. S. B.

CHESS.

SUBSCRIBER FOR TWENTY YEARS.—We are not surprised that you now shelter yourself under a useful anonymity. It is a pity that your chess and your manners are alike so indifferent. We say, for the last time, Mr. Healey's problem has only one solution, which you failed to send.

YEVRAH (Constantinople).—Post cards are quite permissible.

W. J. KENNARD (Boston).—Your problem is very acceptable, but, owing to its not new, and we know of two or three embodiments of it. Yours, however, is interesting, and we shall always be pleased to receive your other contributions.

B. G. L.—Many thanks. You will see we have attended to your request.

H. J. SOMMERSET (Worcester, U.S.A.).—You have, unfortunately, failed to see that when the P is moved to Q 4th, the Kt takes it off, and no mate is given on the second move.

R. BLAND (Hyderabad).—The ordinary problems shall receive our attention, but the conditional positions are unsuitable for this column.

E. C. McMASTER (Dublin).—1. We have already told several correspondents that the reply to Q takes B is P to Q 4th. 2. Black cannot help losing a piece. If Q or P capture the Kt, White plays R takes Kt, and the Q is lost if the R is taken.

COLUMBUS No. 11.—If you look through these answers you will see our solvers are not all first-rate experts, and we must sometimes cater for simple tastes. This may not be “Hydronic,” but it's a business.

PROBLEMS received with thanks from: F. G. Laws, F. Healey, Cecil L. Bull, Signor Aspa, F. G. Tucker, C. P. Palmer, Bernard Reynolds, and Columbus.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2422 received from: J. E. Caporal (Smyrna); of No. 2423 from Jacob Benjamin (Bombay); of No. 2425 from A. C. (Marseilles); Lieut.-Colonel Loraine, V. (Guernsey), and J. Lawrence; of No. 2426 from Emily Anderson, H. S. B. (Ben Rhyding); R. Ranocia, Columbus, Soberides; Rev. W. G. H. and Herbert Clowin (Broughton); of No. 2427 from C. M. A. B. Rev. Winfield Cooper, E. J. S. Piffard, J. D. Tucker (Leeds), S. Mahoney, G. Esposto Law (Naples), Tortchese, Bernard Reynolds, Yevrah (Constantinople), J. M. Pulzel (Edinburgh), Herbert Clowin, W. E. Harvey, Hereward, A. W. Hamilton (Cell, Exeter), M. Mullendorff (Luxembourg), Captain J. A. Challice, T. G. (Ware), F. L. Jackson, E. C. McMaster, E. W. Brook, A. C. (Marseilles), V. (Guernsey), Rev. W. G. H. and Spike.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2428 received from: R. H. Brooks, W. R. Rathen, Hereward, Dawn, W. H. Read, A. Newman, Bernard Reynolds, Martin F. J. D. Tucker (Leeds), Lieut.-Colonel Loraine, Dr. F. St. W. R. B. (Plymouth), B. A. W. B. D. Knox, Rev. C. T. Salisbury, E. E. H. P. G. (Shrewsbury), F. G. Rowland (Shrewsbury), R. Worters (Canterbury), B. Louden, Columbus No. 2, Sorrento, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), T. Roberts, M. Mullendorff, Alpha, Columbus, Julia Short, M. R. Fitzmaurice, T. G. (Ware), C. E. Perugini, Shadforth, M. A. Eyre, H. Cooper, W. H. Hayton, H. Grundy, D. McCoy (Galway), J. Dixon, A. W. Young, M. Burke, and W. Wright.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2426.—By H. COOPER.

WHITE.

1. R to Kt 2nd

2. Q to K B 5th (ch)

3. Q mates.

BLACK.

K to Q 6th

K takes Kt

If Black play 1. B to K 4th, 2. Q to Kt 6th (ch); and if 1. P moves, then 2. R to Kt 3rd, &c.

PROBLEM No. 2430.

By B. G. LAWS.

BLACK.

WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CONSULTATION CHESS.

The subjoined game was recently played at the City of London Chess Club between Messrs. HEPPEL, JACOBS, and STEVENS on the one side and Messrs. BLOCK, SMITH, and MORIAU on the other.

(Hampe Allgaier Gambit.)

WHITE (Messrs. H., J., and S.)

1. P to K 4th

2. Kt to Q B 3rd

3. P to B 4th

4. Kt to B 3rd

5. P to K R 4th

6. Kt to K Kt 5th

7. Kt takes P

8. P to Q 4th

9. B takes P

10. B to B 4th (ch)

11. Kt to K 2nd

12. P to B 3rd

13. Q to B 2nd

14. Castles (Q R)

15. P takes P (dis ch)

16. This seems a singularly weak reply for a consultation game. As the sequel shows, the pawn speedily falls, leaving the adverse Queen into the heart of the game. P to K 5th (dis ch) seems the correct reply, obtaining a passed pawn with a free position, and leaving the other side still cramped.

17. B to B 4th

18. B to B 4th

19. K to R 2nd

20. P to Q 4th

21. Castles (Q R)

22. P takes P (dis ch)

23. This seems a singularly weak reply for a consultation game. As the sequel shows, the pawn speedily falls, leaving the adverse Queen into the heart of the game. P to K 5th (dis ch) seems the correct reply, obtaining a passed pawn with a free position, and leaving the other side still cramped.

24. B to B 4th

25. K to R 2nd

26. P to Q 4th

27. Castles (Q R)

28. P takes P (dis ch)

29. This seems a singularly weak reply for a consultation game. As the sequel shows, the pawn speedily falls, leaving the adverse Queen into the heart of the game. P to K 5th (dis ch) seems the correct reply, obtaining a passed pawn with a free position, and leaving the other side still cramped.

30. B to B 4th

31. K to R 2nd

32. P to Q 4th

33. Castles (Q R)

34. P takes P (dis ch)

35. This seems a singularly weak reply for a consultation game. As the sequel shows, the pawn speedily falls, leaving the adverse Queen into the heart of the game. P to K 5th (dis ch) seems the correct reply, obtaining a passed pawn with a free position, and leaving the other side still cramped.

36. B to B 4th

37. K to R 2nd

38. P to Q 4th

39. Castles (Q R)

40. P takes P (dis ch)

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42. B to B 4th

43. K to R 2nd

44. P to Q 4th

45. Castles (Q R)

46. P takes P (dis ch)

47. This seems a singularly weak reply for a consultation game. As the sequel shows, the pawn speedily falls, leaving the adverse Queen into the heart of the game. P to K 5th (dis ch) seems the correct reply, obtaining a passed pawn with a free position, and leaving the other side still cramped.

48. B to B 4th

49. K to R 2nd

50. P to Q 4th

51. Castles (Q R)

52. P takes P (dis ch)

53. This seems a singularly weak reply for a consultation game. As the sequel shows, the pawn speedily falls, leaving the adverse Queen into the heart of the game. P to K 5th (dis ch) seems the correct reply, obtaining a passed pawn with a free position, and leaving the other side still cramped.

54. B to B 4th

55. K to R 2nd

56. P to Q 4th

57. Castles (Q R)

58. P takes P (dis ch)

59. This seems a singularly weak reply for a consultation game. As the sequel shows, the pawn speedily falls, leaving the adverse Queen into the heart of the game. P to K 5th (dis ch) seems the correct reply, obtaining a passed pawn with a free position, and leaving the other side still cramped.

60. B to B 4th

61. K to R 2nd

62. P to Q 4th

63. Castles (Q R)

64. P takes P (dis ch)

65. This seems a singularly weak reply for a consultation game. As the sequel shows, the pawn speedily falls, leaving the adverse Queen into the heart of the game. P to K 5th (dis ch) seems the correct reply, obtaining a passed pawn with a free position, and leaving the other side still cramped.

66. B to B 4th

67. K to R 2nd

68. P to Q 4th

69. Castles (Q R)

70. P takes P (dis ch)

71. This seems a singularly weak reply for a consultation game. As the sequel shows, the pawn speedily falls, leaving the adverse Queen into the heart of the game. P to K 5th (dis ch) seems the correct reply, obtaining a passed pawn with a free position, and leaving the other side still cramped.

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74. P to Q 4th

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80. P to Q 4th

81. Castles (Q R)

82. P takes P (dis ch)

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86. P to Q 4th

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104. P to Q 4th

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116. P to Q 4th

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128. P to Q 4th

129. Castles (Q R)

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132. B to B 4th

133. K to R 2nd

134. P to Q 4th

135. Castles (Q R)

136. P takes P (dis ch)

137. This seems a singularly weak reply for a consultation game. As the sequel shows, the pawn speedily falls, leaving the adverse Queen into the heart of the game. P to K 5th (dis ch) seems the correct reply, obtaining a passed pawn with a free position, and leaving the other side still cramped.

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140. P to Q 4th

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146. P to Q 4th

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176. P to Q 4th

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253. K to R 2nd

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258. B to B 4th

259. K to R 2nd

260. P to Q 4th

261. Castles (Q R)

262. P takes P (dis ch)

263. This seems a singularly weak reply for a consultation game. As the sequel shows, the pawn speedily falls, leaving the adverse Queen into the heart of the game. P to K 5th (dis ch) seems the correct reply, obtaining a passed pawn with a free position, and leaving the other side still cramped.

264. B to B 4th

265. K to R 2nd

266. P to Q 4th

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1. Distant View of the Top of Lillenstein.  
4. Chasm in the Rock, near the Kuhstall.

2. Lillenstein, from the Elbe.  
5. On the Road to the Kuhstall.

3. Old House in Schandau.  
6. The Bastel, from the Elbe.

SKETCHES IN THE "SAXON SWITZERLAND," ON THE ELBE, ABOVE DRESDEN.





THE CIRCLE OF FIRE.



A CHALLENGE TO THE LINE OF ELEPHANTS.



FOLLOWING THE NOOSED RHINOCEROS.



NO ADMITTANCE.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF "WILD BEASTS AND THEIR WAYS," BY SIR SAMUEL W. BAKER.



## "WILD BEASTS AND THEIR WAYS":

BY SIR SAMUEL BAKER.

The veteran sportsman, great African traveller and geographical explorer, and founder of Egyptian rule in the Equatorial Sudan, whose well-earned fame has lost nothing by the disaster of Khartoum, the lamented death of General Gordon, or the achievements of Mr. H. M. Stanley, now presents us with a new book which will be read with interest by every lover of animal nature, as well as by all curious to know the most improved methods and instruments of killing dangerous and destructive beasts. Sir Samuel Baker, who published his "Rifle and Hound in Ceylon" in 1854, after eight years' residence in that island, where he and his brother established the useful plantation and sanatorium of Newera Ellia, writes of the shooting of big game, with the authority of forty-five years' experience, in Europe, Asia, Africa, and North America; and both his introductory chapter and frequent practical remarks aptly introduced throughout these two volumes are earnestly intended to enforce certain advice on the choice of rifles and ammunition. The recent loss of valuable lives among English gentlemen risking a conflict with elephants, buffaloes, or tigers, with some fashionable weapons or bullets which have not an immediately killing effect, is constantly present to his mind. His personal references to those unfortunate instances are inspired by kind and generous feeling. We observe that he three times incidentally relates the death of the late Mr. Walter Ingram in Somaliland, the circumstances of which are in the remembrance of our readers, and cites also that of the Hon. Guy Dawnay, as examples in proof of the inadequate power of a .450 bore rifle in a facing shot at the elephant or the buffalo; while his condemnation of the hollow bullet often used with Express rifles is reiterated again and again, and is particularly illustrated by Mr. Cuthbert Fraser's perilous adventure with a tiger in India. Sir Samuel Baker insists on the use of solid bullets, weighing 650 grains, which should be of hard metallic compound for thick-skinned animals, but for lions, tigers, and large deer should be of pure lead; this latter bullet will go through the body, not breaking up into little pieces like the hollow bullet, but will expand, by pressure against the bones and sinews, to a flattened front width, about an inch and a half. It may then be stopped by the inner surface of the skin on the opposite side of the body, and so much the better, for the animal is then brought to the ground with the full force of the stroke, reckoned at 3520 lb. to the square foot with a .577 bore rifle, a powder-charge of six drachms, and a solid bullet. If the bullet passes out of the body on the other side, a portion of this force is lost. But for elephants, and other large thick-skinned beasts, Sir Samuel Baker recommends a still more powerful weapon, the "Paradox, No. 12," or the "Paradox, No. 8," with a bullet of 1½ oz., even 3 oz. for the No. 8, and a charge of ten, twelve, or more drachms of powder. Only strong men could use such firearms as these, but the author once had a rifle that carried a three-ounce spherical bullet, four-ounce conical, or half-pound shell, with a propelling charge of sixteen drachms: "there were giants in those days." The rifle, made at Bristol in 1840, weighed 21 lb., and was his companion many years in Ceylon.

These curious and useful details of shooting apparatus are never forgotten in perusing the business like accounts of Sir S. Baker's experiences with the elephants and tigers of India, which are the most interesting part of the first volume. The natural history of the elephant, in Africa as well as in Ceylon and India, is described in three chapters, with the employment of the Indian elephant in tiger-hunting, more completely and precisely than in any other book we have read. The African elephant is much the grander animal, rising to a stature of 11 ft. or 12 ft. at the shoulder: we are told that there is nothing in India to approach the size of Jumbo. The author thinks there is no reason why African elephants should not be tamed and trained to the service of man. We believe there is no proof of its having ever been done. The Carthaginian army of Hannibal possessed some elephants, but they may have been imported by the Phœnicians from Ceylon. The natives of Africa nowhere care for capturing and domesticating wild animals. If the British East Africa Company would try the experiment, aided by such an able manager as Mr. G. B. Sanderson, the renowned official superintendent of the Government "Keddahs" at Dacca and in Assam, we should soon learn whether the finest race of elephants on earth can be rendered useful. At present, though valuable for ivory, the pair of male tusks averaging 140 lb. weight—some specimens being 300 lb., and being borne by both sexes in Africa—the living animals are an unmitigated nuisance, destroying the crops of grain and causing misery to the native population. The ivory trade itself is the main support of the Arab slave-raiding cruelties, as the people are kidnapped, not primarily for sale as slaves, but for the purpose of carrying ivory to the coast. If the African elephant were utterly exterminated, it would be a greater boon to African mankind, we doubt not, than would be the extermination of tigers and leopards in India to our Asiatic fellow-subjects. Carnivorous beasts of prey, which kill cattle, and occasionally kill human beings, may really be less mischievous than herds of such wasteful monsters as elephants among the native agriculturists of Africa. It is satisfactory to be told of many native contrivances for destroying elephants. Pitfalls, dug 12 ft. or 14 ft. deep, covered with a frail roof of branches, grass, and earth, catch many, which are then spared to death.

"There is another terrible method of destroying elephants in Central Africa. During the dry season, when the withered herbage, from 10 ft. to 14 ft. in height, is most inflammable, a large herd of elephants may be found in the middle of such high grass by some native hunter, who would immediately give notice, and the whole population of the neighbourhood would assemble for the hunt. This would be arranged by forming a circle of perhaps two miles diameter, and simultaneously firing the grass, so as to create a ring of flames round the centre. An elephant is naturally afraid of fire, and has an instinctive horror of the crackling of flames when the grass has been ignited. As the circle of fire contracts in approaching the encircled herd, they at first attempt to retreat, until they become assured of their hopeless position; they at length become desperate, being maddened by fear, and panic-stricken by the wild shouts of the thousands who have surrounded them. At length, half suffocated by the dense smoke, and terrified by the close approach of the roaring flames, the unfortunate animals charge recklessly through the fire, burnt and blinded, to be ruthlessly speared by the bloodthirsty crowd awaiting this last stampede. Sometimes a hundred or more elephants are simultaneously destroyed in this wholesale slaughter. The flesh of every portion of the animal is then cut into long strips, dried and smoked on frames of green wood, and the meat is divided among the villages which have contributed to the hunt. The tusks are also shared, a certain portion belonging by right to the various headmen and the chief." We are permitted by the publishers, Messrs. Macmillan and Co., to produce in our own pages four of the engravings

which adorn Sir Samuel Baker's two volumes; one is that of the "Circle of Fire."

The natives in another district, which he does not name, kill elephants in the forest by waiting for them in the branches of large trees overhead, and being furnished with enormous daggers, or rather axes, 2 ft. long, several inches wide, very sharp at the point and both edges, and heavily weighted at the top with clay, drop these terrible weapons from a considerable height, piercing the elephant's back just behind the shoulder. The Hamran Arabs of the Settitie River, described in Sir S. Baker's book "The Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia," are brave horsemen and swordsmen, who carry a long two-handed sword; three of them hunt an elephant; one provokes the animal and gallops away, pursued by the infuriated beast, two or three hundred yards, at a speed of eighteen or twenty miles an hour; then he stops, and, just as the elephant is preparing to charge, the other men, riding up and dismounting, cut the back sinew of the elephant's hind legs with one stroke of their swords. The huge beast is quite crippled, and soon bleeds to death.

The elephant in India, though naturally timid and less intelligent than has been imagined, plays a most important part as man's ally in hunting the tiger. In the narratives of Sir Samuel Baker's experiences of this kind, with Mr. Sanderson, in 1885, in the grassy islands of the Brahmaputra, below Dhubri, and in the Central Provinces, near Moorwarra, with the late Mr. Berry, Assistant Commissioner of Jubbulpore, we find many characteristic anecdotes of the behaviour of elephants in situations of danger. They are very apt to take fright, throw themselves about, turn tail and run away; then in the forest their riders are in great risk of being knocked out of the howdah, or having their heads and limbs broken against the branches of trees. But a long line of elephants, from twelve up to thirty or forty, is required to beat the covert of tall grass, tamarisk-trees, wild briar-rose, or other jungle, which may be a task of several hours. The tiger in such places will not be seen till within fifty yards, or nearer, and Sir S. Baker has found a smooth-bore gun, at such short range, quite as useful as a rifle. He sometimes fired it with one hand, like a pistol, while holding on to the howdah rail with his left hand, shooting rapidly as at flying game without squinting along the sights on the barrel. The second illustration we have borrowed is that of a line of Mr. Sanderson's elephants, from the Garo Hills, being deliberately challenged by a large tiger, which bounded along their front, making demonstrations of attacking each elephant in succession, but which Mr. Sanderson shot and killed. It was sent to Lady Baker, at the camp; that lady had, on a preceding day, been with her husband on an elephant, when he "wiped the eye" of the Rajah Suchi Khan by killing a tiger which the Rajah had only wounded.

Three chapters are specially devoted to the tiger; one only to the lion, which is now getting very scarce in Asia, being confined, we learn, to a limited number in Guzerat (India) and a few in Persia. We have never been able to regard the lion as a finer animal than the tiger. Apart from the imposing aspect of his face and shaggy mane, his shape is not so handsome; and the superiority of his strength lies in the stroke of the fore paws, and also in the jaws, not equally in his whole body. Sir Samuel Baker gives him credit for a sort of frank courage, differing from "the slinking habits of tigers, leopards, and the feline race generally"; which may be only the comparative stupidity of the lion. Many other African travellers and hunters entertain no great respect for this powerful beast. It is true that a blow of the lion's paw will smash a man's skull or spine, while the tiger's claw only lacerates the head and face; the tiger kills by biting over the man's shoulder through his back and chest. But a single lion is hardly a match for the buffalo; two or three lions will attack together. Nevertheless, as the so-called "King of Beasts" is so famous in poetic and romantic allusions, we choose, for the next of our borrowed illustrations, that of a big lion, on the Settitie River, prowling at night around the fenced camp, to which Sir S. Baker, with a Hamran Arab and three Tokrooris, had retired. The lioness had been shot and brought into this camp the day before; and this faithful leonine husband came to ask what they had done with his wife, but found "no admittance," through a strong fence of tree-stems and kittur thorns: next day, the lion also was shot.

Other wild beasts, the leopard and hunting cheetah, the North American and the Indian bear, the hippopotamus and rhinoceros of Africa, the crocodile (not a beast), the buffalo and bison, the boar, the hyena, the giraffe, antelopes, deer, sambar, wapiti, and cervine varieties, are discussed in these instructive volumes. We conclude an imperfect review with brief notice of the native method of snaring the rhinoceros in the region east of the White Nile. The beast comes regularly every night to one spot, to deposit its dung against the stem of a certain large tree. A trap for one leg is constructed, a small round hole covered with a neatly made sieve of wood and bamboo, which sticks to the leg when thrust into the hole. A noose of rope is laid around it, to which is attached a heavy log of timber slightly buried in the earth. The animal gets his leg entangled by this noose, and runs off with the encumbering log, which soon catches in the bushes or trees. Hunters follow, and kill the rhinoceros with their spears, as is shown in the last Engraving of our selection. The flesh of this animal is eaten by the Sudan Arabs, but is refused by the savage tribes; its hide and horn fetch a good price. In Africa, evidently, the wild men have their own ways of dealing with the wild beasts; yet the civilised sportsman, owning a .577 bore rifle, with cartridges of 6 dr. powder and solid bullets of 650 gr., can do a great deal of good. He can often, by one day's skilful work, supply food to a populous village, and rid the dhurra-fields of a destructive pest. The English hunter of big game is a benefactor to African humanity, but his pastime will be over, we expect, in less than a quarter of a century hence.

The Glasgow University Liberal Club have adopted Lord Aberdeen as their candidate for the Lord Rectorship of Glasgow University, Mr. Balfour, Secretary for Ireland, having been adopted by the Conservatives and Liberal Unionists.

The ordinary legal preliminaries for the transfer to the tenants, under the Land Purchase Act, of the large estates of the Earl of Egmont, in North-East Cork, have been completed, and the Land Purchase Commissioners have notified the tenants that the purchase money will be granted to the tenants in nearly every case. The total grant reaches £157,000.

The dedication festival of the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, Clumber Park, Worksop, erected by the Duke of Newcastle, was held on Oct. 22. Two Bishops took part in the service—the Bishop of Argyll (the celebrant) and Bishop Smythies, of Central Africa—each of whom wore his mitre in the procession. The altar was ablaze with candles, incense was freely used, and the Angelus bell was rung at the consecration of the Elements and the elevation of the Host. The Rev. A. H. Stanton, Vicar of St. Alban's, Holborn, preached the sermon. The total value of the church and its accessories is about £60,000.

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

## OUR MONTHLY LOOK ROUND.

Several correspondents have, of late, written to ask if I can give them any information respecting a so-called "wooden caterpillar," by which expression, I presume, they mean an actual insect-larva which has assumed a more or less wooden structure and composition. I think I can supply the desired knowledge. The caterpillar in question is found in New Zealand, and is known scientifically as that of the *Hipialia rivescens*. In length it averages about three inches. It affects the neighbourhood of the rata-tree, which is a kind of myrtle with big scarlet flowers. The "aveto," as the caterpillar is called, lives underground, and when it is mature it becomes, curiously enough, the object of the attentions of a species of fungus, named the *Sphaeria Robertsii*. The fungus implants itself on the caterpillar's neck, and, settling down there, grows into a long stem, which ends, like a bulrush, in a swollen head. The fungus may measure about eight or nine inches in height, and grows up into the air through the earth covering the insect. But, as regards the unfortunate caterpillar itself, curious changes are produced in its body by the fungus. The roots of the latter spread through the insect, and seem gradually to absorb or to replace the natural structures of the animal. The result is that the unfortunate caterpillar is killed by its conversion into the woody substance of the fungus, and in this state, with the aerial part of the plant growing out of its body, the insect can be preserved for an indefinite time. The curious part of the story from a scientific point of view consists in the absolutely constant association of the caterpillar and the fungus. This would almost seem to be a case of *symbiosis*, or the vital connection of two different organisms. In this case, it is clear, the association is to the detriment of the insect, and is not one of mutual help.

I observe that a druggist was recently prosecuted in Glasgow for selling artificial salicylic acid in place of the natural acid, the former being made from carbolic acid, and the latter obtained from salicin and oil of wintergreen. The case was withdrawn, and in my opinion rightly so, on the ground that, as all chemists have hitherto sold the artificially prepared acid, it was obviously unfair to single out a solitary individual as a scapegoat for the whole. The researches of Professor Charteris, of Glasgow University, appear to show that the artificial acid, prescribed for rheumatism, was apt to produce bad and untoward symptoms, due presumably to the presence of creosotic acid—this last being a poisonous substance. Physicians will now require to prescribe natural salicylic acid, or the pure artificial acid, and to specify either salt in their prescriptions. There is just one point which I confess I scarcely understand in this matter—namely, how, considering the wide prescription of artificial salicylic acid, we have not heard frequently of its bad effects. Is it not possible that some patients exhibit an idiosyncrasy to salicylic acid, as others may do to laudanum, to quinine, and indeed to nearly every other drug? One swallow does not make a summer, and, although it appears to be desirable that physicians should use the natural or pure acid, yet it appears somewhat rash, logically speaking, to conclude that the artificial acid is always and uniformly dangerous in its effects.

What is this one hears about beer-drinking in relation to glass? A certain Dr. Schultze claims to have discovered that beer preserves its taste only when it is drunk out of a gold-lined silver jug, or out of a "covered salt-glazed stone mug." If beer stands for five minutes only in a glass, says Dr. Schultze, even when placed in the cold and in the dark, its taste and odour will be appreciably and injuriously affected. This result has been obtained after trial tests on a hundred beer-drinkers or so. The reason for the change in the beer is believed to be due to certain matters in the glass being soluble in the fluid. Lead appears to be the constituent in the glass which is dissolved out in the form of an oxide, and, although the quantity of the metal is extremely minute, it is claimed that it affects the beer, as has been said. Hence we shall be wise, it is argued, if we quaff our beer out of the old stone mug or the more *recherché* silver-lined-with-gold vessel. It might prove interesting if beer-drinkers at home made personal experimentation on the subject of the taste of their beverage as affected by the vessels in which it is contained.

Some years ago Dr. Robert Koch discovered that tuberculosis (of which disease consumption is a lung-manifestation) was caused by a living germ known as a bacillus—a rod-shaped organism, which, multiplying within the body, gave origin to the ailment. One proof of this assertion is afforded by the fact that when a healthy guinea-pig is inoculated with these germs it develops tuberculosis. Everyone knows how hopeless of cure, as a rule, consumption is when it has once gained a secure foothold in the human body. Many methods of cure, from drugs to food and climatic, are daily tried, yet the disease, it must be confessed, is still a *bête noire* of physicians. Interesting it is, therefore, to find Dr. Koch now telling us that he has succeeded in discovering a substance which acts as a preventive of tubercle-growth. What that substance is he has not yet told the world of science, but we learn that it is capable of rendering guinea-pigs insusceptible to the disease by inoculation; while, if the tuberculosis has already begun its course in these animals, and has advanced in its career, the influence of the, as yet, secret substance will check the ailment without affecting the health of the rodents. The world will wait with eagerness to hear the final result of Koch's experiments.

If there is one ailment which, more than another, has puzzled the faculty, both as to cause and cure, it is assuredly sea-sickness. Various are the theories which have been entertained regarding it, and many are the remedies which have been proposed for it. I note that a certain M. Rochet has lately promulgated a new view of *mal de mer*. He attributes the ailment to a lessening of the brain's blood-supply; and this lessening, in turn, he asserts is caused by the erratic nature of the muscular movements in those unfortunates who are not accustomed to go down to the sea in ships. M. Rochet says that the muscular system always receives a very large share of blood, and has a considerable amount of the vital fluid always passing out and in. Left to ourselves on land, our movements, says M. Rochet, are duly regulated, and often unconsciously, with the result of equalising the blood-pressure in muscles and brain. On board ship, contrariwise, the control of movements is lost. The muscles lose tone, as it were, and, while the blood-supply decreases in the brain, it increases in the body—*hinc illæ lachrymæ*. Infants and young children are not ill at sea, because, says M. Rochet, their muscular movements not having become fixed and stereotyped as in the adult, they are not affected by the motion of the ship. On land, the infant may reel as on deck. The remedies proposed are various drugs (strychnine among them), and drinks containing carbonic acid gas. This last is tantamount to an advocacy of dry champagne as a cure. ANDREW WILSON.



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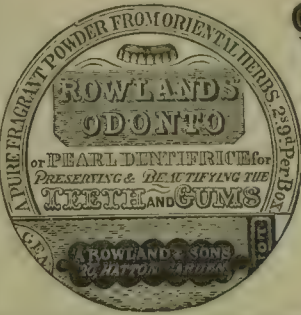
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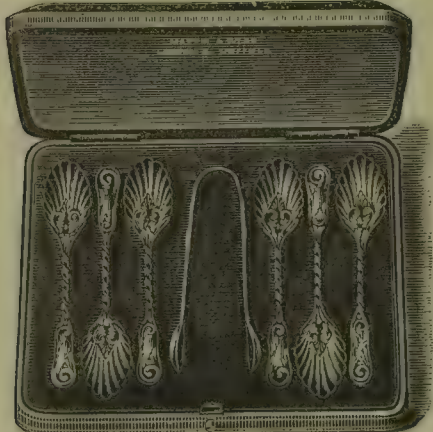
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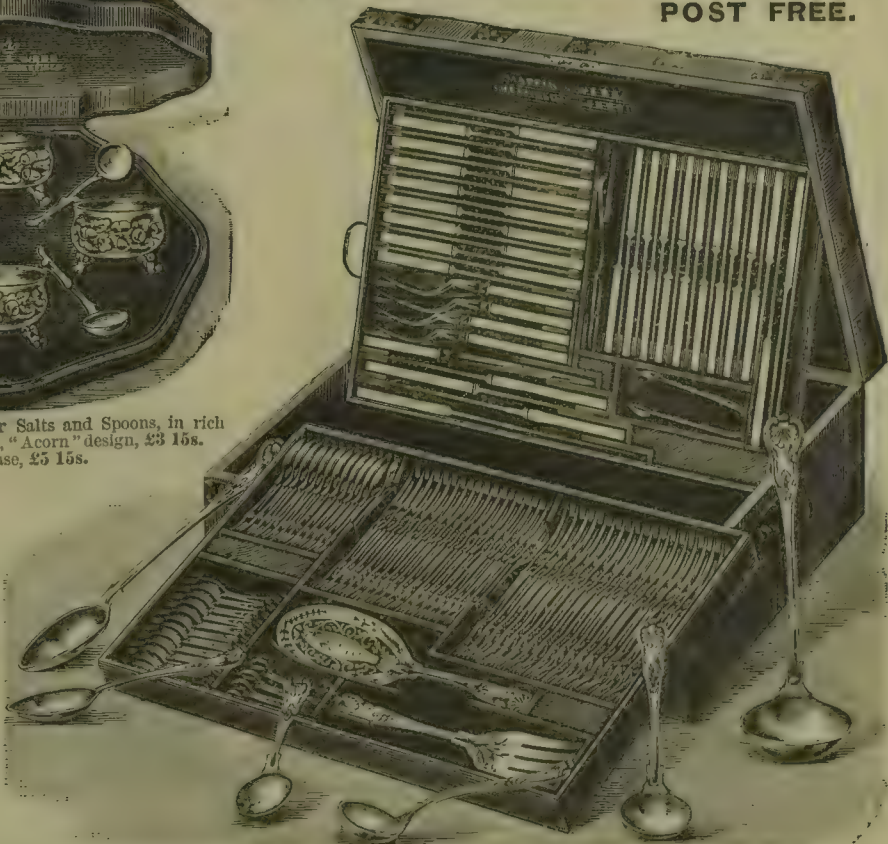
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## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

An important point in the winter novelties of fashion will be the increased length of the basques, both of outdoor jackets and indoor dresses. In fact, new mantles are what is called "three-quarter length"; that is to say, they reach nearly to the knee, just as they did some ten years ago. Short coats are not yet so long: they resemble rather the "Newmarket" style worn at a more recent date. The basques in these are put on to the tops, the joining seam being distinctly visible.

For bodices, the basques are cut in one with the tops, and are allowed to be about twelve inches deep over the hips. Of course, many dresses are made still cut high at the sides and pointed to the fronts; but people who like to be in the forefront of style may safely take the hint that I have just given. Some dressmakers, not quite courageous enough immediately to follow the lead of the great houses in this matter of long basques, are compromising with the idea by putting very large hip pockets on the top of the plain skirts; and in evening dresses a little fold of material is placed panier-wise across the hips.

Plain skirts trimmed round the bottom are sure to produce some elongation of the bodice or other trimming of the top of the skirt. A perfectly plain surface up to the waist from a trimming round the foot lacks proportion: the top of the skirt in that case must be decorated to get a balanced effect. Girdles of very handsome passementeries, gold or jewelled or silk-embroidered, and even chains of bullion, are placed along the edge of pointed high-cut bodices, to produce to some extent this necessary counterbalancing. But, of course, tailor dresses, and all kinds of tweeds and thick cloths, cannot be so decorated, and it is precisely for such gowns that the long basque, either with or without a seam over the hip, should be used.

Vests of braid or velvet have not disappeared from tailor-made frocks; they are often shown wide between top revers narrowing to the waist (where three big buttons appear on either side of the coat) and then spreading out again the full depths of the basque, which is cut away to show the vest. Zouaves also are worn, but the ready-shaped braiding for this and for full sleeves to match has now become so common that the best makers are ceasing to employ the style. Top yokes trimmed along with jewelled passementerie, the under part of the bodice prettily folded and the fastening concealed, are suitable for finer cloths.

Feather trimming is quite a feature of the moment. Long boas in ostrich-feathers are as popular as ever, but are run closely in the race for favour by boas of "hackle" or cock's feather. It is difficult to realise without seeing the difference between the best and the cheapest qualities in this material. Ruffles of ostrich-feathers, just long enough to tie round the throat, are very becoming additions, and can be had in almost any colour. Black-feather trimming is also placed on dresses, and pompons of dyed feathers are used on hats of the toque or round Spanish description.

Plaque hats, as I described them some weeks ago, are already quite common. Very low crowns and very broad brims obtain universally, except for a few of the little toques that are so becoming to some faces, and at the same time so convenient in windy weather, that they are worn every year in a fashion that scarcely changes. Long feathers are being placed largely round the broad brims, sometimes almost concealing the felt or velvet of the shape. When the brim is turned up at the back, and caught against the low crown,

clusters of ostrich tips are often placed on the crown and droop over to shade the back hair. Flights of little birds are very much used to trim such hats, too; one or, perhaps, two birds with upspread wings appearing on the front, and a taller and more numerous crowd at the back, a twist of velvet connecting the groups. There is a liking for wings on toques or bonnets placed like those on Mercury's cap—that is, pointing from the back of the chapeau to the front: these are sometimes veritable birds' wings, sometimes they are made of velvet or embroidered cloth. For example, a flat narrow bonnet shape has a centre of rather high folds of green velvet, held up on each side by wings of white cloth embroidered with gold beads, and narrowly edged with beaver fur. A very similar shape of yellow velvet has wings of some pale-grey bird, like a small sea-gull, with a few loops of narrow black-velvet ribbon appearing at the extreme back between the wings; and it has also strings of the same black velvet.

Black velvet and jet trimmings are used indiscriminately on millinery of all colours. A very crude and trying series of "aniline dye" colours has been brought out in millinery velvets: a corn-flower blue, a vivid violet, a staring Mandarin yellow, and a veritable magenta are among them. Probably the black is introduced to soften these bright colours. Anyhow, there it is, appearing in feathers, velvet ribbons, jet bandeaux, coronets, brooches, or buckles, and bonnet-strings, combined with every other colour known. A hat of old-rose velvet is bordered with a black cord, and a flight of black swallows form the trimming, most of them on the back, some on the front of the brim, and one actually underneath it. A green cloth folded crown, with green velvet coronet twist, has a brim of jet under all. A flat crown of red velvet is crossed with a trellis-work of jet beads, and, for further trimming, has only a couple of bows of red velvet high at the back, and pinned together with a jet brooch. A grey felt hat is lined smoothly under the brim with black velvet, shown at the back where the shape turns up against the crown; the trimming is of mingled black ostrich tips and grey velvet ribbon. A very chic bonnet has folded sides of the bright "Mandarin" yellow velvet, with a bow at the front of brown velvet; a narrow rim of jet is visible between each of the pleats of the crown, and a jet coronet finishes the shape off at the back, while the strings are brown. This mixture would once have been considered too bizarre for any woman of refinement. But in dress, as in furniture, there is now a reaction towards the brighter and perhaps more barbaric types.

Japan appears to be a country in which women are little regarded. A correspondent (Mrs. W. H. S.) sends me a warm protest, on behalf of the Englishwomen there resident, against the proposal made by the Japanese diplomatists to subject foreign residents to the jurisdiction of native laws. European nations, of course, exercise that right. If a foreigner commit an offence against the laws of a country in which he resides, he is tried and punished according to those laws without objection from his own nation. But Eastern nations, in their jurisprudence, their customs, and their whole range of ideas, differ so widely from civilised Western ones that this power of judging Europeans, with the consent of their own Governments, has never yet been conceded to the East by treaty. That, however, is what the Japanese Government now wish to attain. My correspondent says: "Although, in most instances, Japanese would be incapable of adjudicating justly for us even a good code of laws, one cannot

help wondering how they mean to satisfy us in matters about which they have no laws—with regard to women, for instance. Japanese women have no redress against most kinds of wrong, infamy, and misery. In the event of the revision being made, does Japan expect Englishwomen to sink to the level of her own? Her women, for instance, can be married one month and discarded the next without reason. To show the condition of the marriage tie, in Tokio in one month there were 157 divorces—157 men discarded their wives in one city in one month! And not one word from law in that; not one pitiful cry for justice could be raised: they were simply cast off to lead a life of misery or find a new master. Yet the women of Japan are sweet-tempered, highly intelligent, and naturally faithful. In the upper circles, too, a kind of polygamy is the rule rather than the exception from the Emperor downwards, and so long as that exists so long, we argue, is Japan unfit to have jurisdiction over us."

I should think so! Clearly, in Eastern lands and among half-civilised peoples, where what are considered the very foundations of civilised society are subverted by the law, it is unnatural for Europeans to be subject, by international agreement and without redress, to the inferior and vicious code. Surely our Foreign Office will, at least, take care that Englishwomen resident in Japan are not reduced to the Eastern level by "Treaty revision." FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

The Mercers' Company have made a grant of £21 to the prize fund of the Society of Arts' examinations, to which fund the Clothmakers' Company had previously contributed £20.

Sir Frederick Mappin, Bart., has presented a beautiful stained-glass window to the church of St. John, Rammoor, near Sheffield, in memory of his uncle, Mr. John Newton Mappin of Birchlands, the founder of the edifice.

The foundation-stone of the Central Fruit and Vegetable Market, which is forthwith to be built at the corner of Farringdon-street and Charterhouse-street, was laid on Oct. 23 by the Lord Mayor, who was accompanied by the Sheriffs and other civic dignitaries.

The park presented to Bolton by Mr. John Pennington Thomasson, formerly member for Bolton, was opened on Oct. 23. It includes recreation grounds, tennis lawns, bathing ponds, and playgrounds, and will ultimately include a library and museum.

The Board of Agriculture has published a memorandum containing the result of the special inquiry made through the inspectors under the Drainage and Improvement Acts into the position and prospects of the potato crop in Great Britain, in view of the appearance of potato blight in Ireland. The information placed at the disposal of the Board is drawn from the personal observation of twenty-four inspectors in England and seventeen in Scotland, who have reported on the apprehended extent of disease in the potato crop during the month of September in twenty-eight English and eighteen Scottish counties. Ireland, where the relative importance of this crop is by far the greatest (one fifth of the arable surface being employed in potato-growing), lies beyond the jurisdiction of the Board of Agriculture, and was outside the scope of the present inquiry, which concerned Great Britain only, where little more than 3 per cent. of the arable land is used for potatoes. The general result of the inquiry appears to be that no serious loss of the potato crop in Great Britain from disease is to be apprehended, as the late or main crop is regarded as comparatively sound.

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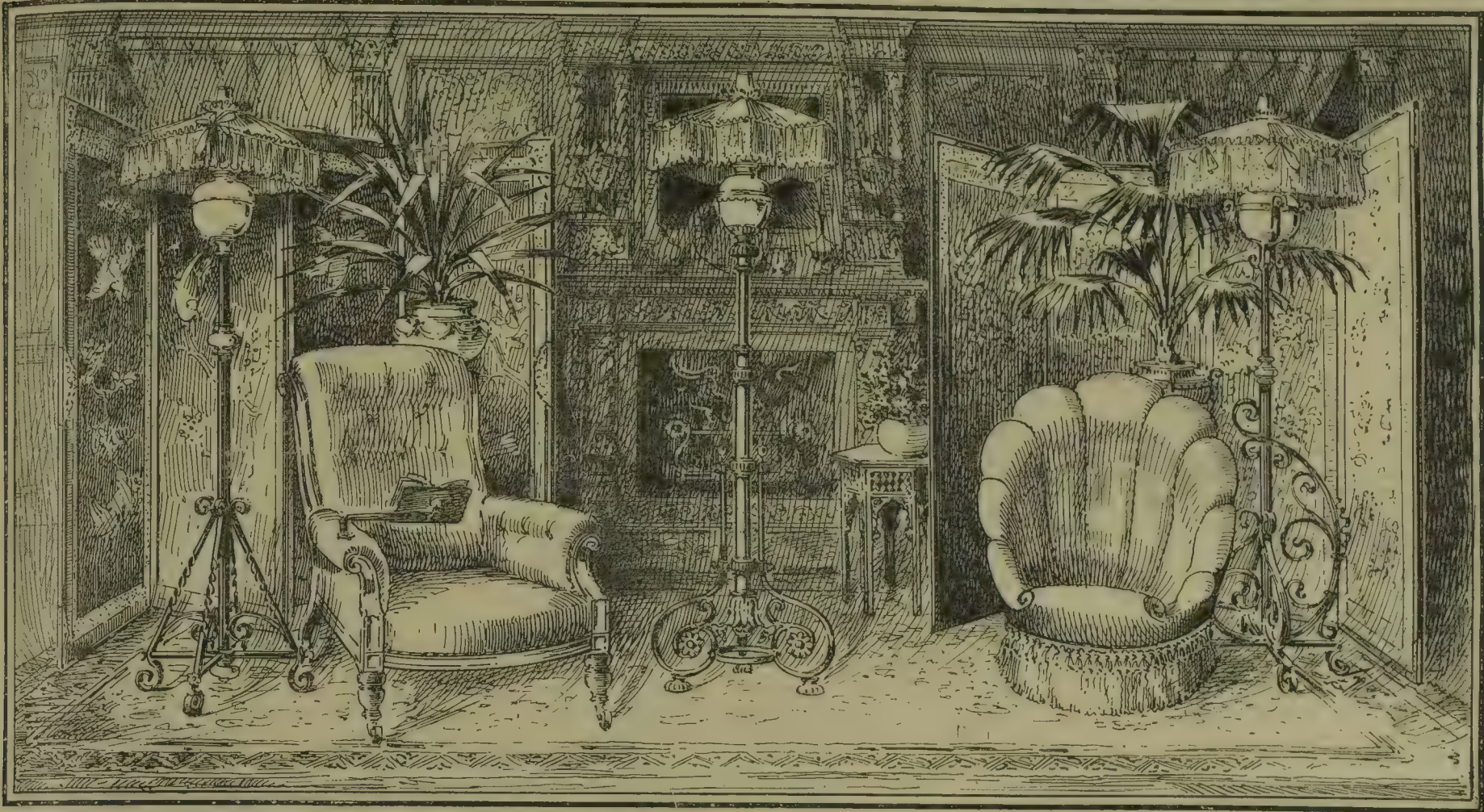
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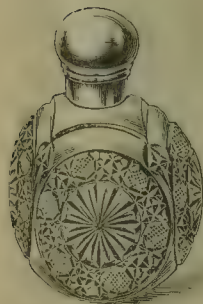
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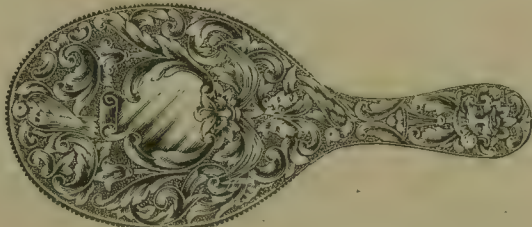
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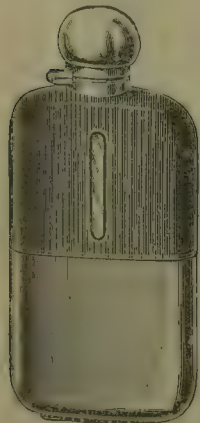
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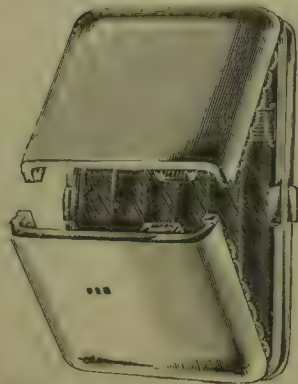
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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Dec. 21, 1886) of H.R.H. Don Antonio Maria Felipe Luis, Infant of Spain, Duc de Montpensier, late of San Lucar de Barrameda, and of the Palace St. Telmo, Seville, who died on Feb. 4 last, was proved in London on Oct. 21 by the Marquis of Alcanices, Don Francisco Cardenas, Don Rafael Esquivel, and the Marquis of Villanueva de Valdeza, the executors, the value of the personal estate in this country amounting to £10,750. The testator makes many specific bequests to his wife, the members of his family, and Royal personages, including the King and Queen-Regent of Spain, and also to others, and bequeaths pensions to his servants according to the length of their service. He gives as an additional share to his son, Don Antonio d'Orléans, one third and the remainder of one fifth of his estate, and he desires that there may be allotted to him his property in Italy and the province of Cadiz, and the household effects in his palaces in both those places. He desires that the share of his daughter, Isabel, Comtesse de Paris, shall, if within the amount thereof, consist of his property in the Departments of Allier and the Puy-de-Dôme, France, proceeding out of the Montpensier Randan estate, and is intended by her and him for his grandchildren, who shall at his death take the title of Duc de Montpensier, with the consent of his son—they being French, while his son and his family are Spanish. His said son and daughter are appointed his sole universal heirs.

The will (dated Oct. 2, 1886) of Mr. John Thomas Eaton, formerly of Tiverton, Devon, and late of the Château Beaulieu, Avenue Beaulieu, Nice, who died on Feb. 13 last, at Messina, Italy, was proved in London on Oct. 17 by Edward James Eaton, the brother, and George Edward Oates, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £108,000. The testator gives his undivided moiety, and all other his estate and interest in an estate in the province of Syracuse, Sicily, to his son, John Edward Caldwell Eaton; and his furniture, household and personal effects, and £500 to his wife, Mrs. Adele Eloisa Eaton. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife until his youngest child attains twenty-one, if she shall so long remain his widow, and then as to one half for his children. The other half is to be held, upon further trusts, for his wife, for life, if she shall so long remain his widow, and then for all his children.

The will, with three codicils, of William Robert Bevan, Esq., late of Plumpton House, Bury St. Edmunds, has been proved by his widow, Mrs. Bevan, his son, Mr. Gascoygne Bevan, and his sons-in-law, Mr. R. H. Wilson and Mr. Edward Cadge, the executors and trustees, the value of the personal estate amounting to £33,000 and upwards. The testator bequeaths his household furniture, plate, pictures, and house-

hold effects, his private horses and carriages, and a legacy of £500 to his wife. He directs that his son, Gascoygne, shall have the option of succeeding to his share in the banking business carried on by him at his death, and he devises and bequeaths all his real estates (including the Plumpton House estate, near Bury St. Edmunds, and estates at Barningham, Stanton, Stoven, and Brampton, in Suffolk) and the residue of his personal estate to his executors and trustees, upon trust, to sell and to invest the proceeds thereof, and to pay the income to his wife for life, and, after her death, to stand possessed thereof, subject to the payment of £100 to his granddaughter, Agnes Bevan, upon trust for his children, as therein mentioned.

The will (dated April 4, 1884), with a codicil (dated Nov. 19, 1887), of Mr. Charles Thomas Perry, late of 9, Warrford-court, stockbroker, and of Richmond Lodge, Forest-hill, who died on Sept. 23 last, was proved on Oct. 18 by Conrad Wilkinson and David Wilkinson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £32,000. The testator bequeaths his furniture, plate, pictures, jewellery, and household effects, all his shares in the Bank of Australasia, the Epsom Grand Stand Company, and the Victoria Club Company, and all the other shares standing in his own name, and not payable to bearer, to his daughter, Jessy Mary Ann Perry. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his daughter, for life, and then for her children or issue, as she shall appoint.

The will (dated Sept. 11, 1889) of Major Charles Carpenter, late R.A., late of 14, King-street, St. James's, and of the Army and Navy Club, Pall-mall, who died on July 13 last, was proved on Oct. 20 by Joseph John Morgan and Colonel Edward Berkeley Mansel, the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to over £31,000. The testator bequeaths the whole of his stock and shares in the London and South Western Railway, upon trust, to pay the interest to Miss S. A. Rackham, for life, and, at her death, in equal portions between his nieces, Maude Carpenter and Evelyn Carpenter; £500 to the said Miss Rackham; £3000 to his sister-in-law, Mrs. Edith Carpenter; and a complimentary legacy to his executor Colonel Mansel. The residue of his personal property he leaves to his said two nieces, in the proportion of two thirds to Maude and one third to Evelyn.

The will (dated Nov. 19, 1889) of Lieutenant-Colonel Lewis Charles Augustus Meyer, late of Tunbridge Wells, who died on Sept. 4 last, at St. Leonards-on-Sea, was proved on Oct. 11 by the Rev. David Dale Stewart and Samuel Mercer, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £28,000. The testator bequeaths £2000 each to his sister-in-law, Mrs. Hildegard Meyer, and his nephew, Hans von Meyer; the money on current and deposit account in his own name,

or in the joint names of himself and wife, in the London and County Bank, and all the effects at his residence, to his wife, Mrs. Julia Mary Meyer; and some other legacies. He makes up certain trust funds of his marriage settlement to £10,000 Two and Three-Quarter per Cent. Stock, and he directs the same to be held, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his said nephew. The residue of his personal estate is to be divided equally between the Church Missionary Society, the Church Pastoral Aid Society, the Army Scripture Readers' and Soldiers' Friend Society, Miss Daniels's Home for Soldiers at Aldershot, the Military Benevolent Fund (Messrs. Cox and Co.), the London City Mission, the Kent General Hospital (Maidstone), Tunbridge Wells Hospital, the Rescue Society (79, Finsbury-pavement), the German Society of Benevolence (44, Finsbury-pavement), the Indigent Blind Visiting Society, the Cripples' Home (17A, Marylebone-road), the general fund of the Theological Halls—Wycliffe Hall, Oxford, and Ridley Hall, Cambridge—the Society for Protecting Women and Children, the Reformatory and Refuge Union (32, Charing-cross); and the following charitable institutions in Hanover—namely, the Military Frauen Verein, the Kinder Heilanstalt, the Stephan Stift, the Frederickson Stift, and the Henriettan Stift.

The will (dated Sept. 22, 1885) of the Rev. John Davics, late of 16, Belsize-square, Hampstead, who died on Sept. 18 last, was proved on Oct. 21 by Miss Mary Emily Davies, the daughter, and Edward Davies, the brother, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £25,000. The testator gives legacies to his said brother, and to his nephew, Herbert Edward Davies; and the residue of his property to his two daughters, Mary Emily and Helen, in equal shares.

The will (dated Jan. 31, 1890), with a codicil (dated April 15 following), of Mrs. Emma Josephine Campbell, late of Otekaika, Otago, New Zealand, who died on April 17 last, at Dunedin, was proved in London on Oct. 8 by Bryan Cecil Haggitt and Alexander Campbell Begg, the executors, the value of the personal estate in England amounting to upwards of £14,000. The testatrix bequeaths £5000 to the Otago Hospital and Charitable Aid Board, upon trust, for the relief of patients in the Dunedin Hospital; £6000 to the Dunedin Diocesan Trust Board to erect a church and parsonage house in the district of Waitaki, for members of the Church of England; and there are large legacies to her own and her late husband's relatives and others, and a special gift of her late husband's Eton leaving books. As to the residue of her real and personal estate, she leaves one half to her sister, Alice Humphreys, and one half, upon trust, for her brother, Cyril Goodricke Hawdon, for life, and then for his children.

The will (dated April 13, 1883), with a codicil (dated

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I was born in the woods, where the checkered  
Lends a charm to every bower; [shade  
Where the song of birds blends perfectly  
With the fragrance of the flower.

I live in the homes of rich and poor—  
I live to do them good,  
I cleanse; I heal; and I perfume with  
The odours of the wood.

And clean and sweet is the path I leave  
Wherever my feet may tread;  
And thousands of those I bless, rain down  
Benedictions on my head!

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**LUCERNE.—Hôtels Schweizerhof and Lucernerhof.** An extra floor and two new lifts added to the Schweizerhof. The electric light is supplied in the 110 rooms; no charge for lighting or service. HAUSSER FRERES, Proprietors.

**ROME.—Pension Tellenbach, Due Macelli 66,** Piazza di Spagna.—The most comfortable and fashionable Family Pension. Established 1863. Sunny rooms, newspapers, baths, lift.

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M O N T E C A R L O .

For a summer stay, Monte Carlo, adjacent to Monaco, is one of the most quiet, charming, and interesting of spots on the Mediterranean sea-coast. The Principality has a tropical vegetation, yet the summer heat is always tempered by the sea-breezes. The beach is covered with the softest sand; the Hotels are grand and numerous, with warm sea-baths; and there are comfortable villas and apartments, replete with every comfort, as in some of our own places of summer resort in England.

Monaco is the only sea-bathing town on the Mediterranean coast which offers to its visitors the same amusements as the Establishments on the banks of the Rhine—Theatre, Concerts, Vegetarian Bets, &c.

There is, perhaps, no town in the world that can compare in the beauty of its position with Monte Carlo, or in its special fascinations and attractions—not only by the favoured climate and by the inviting scenery, but also by the facilities of every kind for relief in cases of illness or disease, or for the restoration of health.

As a WINTER RESORT, Monaco occupies the first place among the winter stations on the Mediterranean sea-border, on account of its climate, its numerous attractions, and the elegant pleasures it has to offer to its guests, which make it to-day the rendezvous of the aristocratic world, the spot most frequented by travellers in Europe—in short, Monaco and Monte Carlo enjoy a perpetual spring. Monte Carlo is only thirty-two hours from London and forty minutes from Nice.



Nov. 15, 1887), of Miss Anna Maria Heming, formerly of Rother Hill, Stedham, and late of 8, Albany Villas, Hove, Sussex, who died on Sept. 4, was proved on Oct. 8 by Henry Heming Johnson, Francis Charles Heming, and William Thomas Johnson, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £18,000. The testatrix bequeaths her household furniture and effects to her sister, Emma Mary Heming; and legacies to her brothers, sister, nephews, nieces, executors, and servants. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves, upon trust, for her sister, Emma Mary, for life; then as to £2500 and one third of the ultimate residue, for her brother, Samuel Charles, for life, and then for his issue as he shall appoint; as to £1000 for her niece, Anna Maria Heming; as to £1500 and one third of the ultimate residue, upon trust, for her brother, Edward Francis, for life, and then for his issue as he shall appoint; and as to the remaining one third of the ultimate residue for her sister, Mrs. Louisa Johnson, her husband, and children.

### LA CERTOSA, NEAR FLORENCE.

About three miles' distance from the fair city of Florence is situated the monastery of La Certosa di Val d'Ema; founded in the year 1341 by one Niccolò Acciajuoli, a Florentine noble holding the post of Grand Seneschal to Queen Giovanna of Naples. A diligence, usually crowded inside with chattering and gesticulating peasants, and outside with sportsmen carrying guns between their knees and wearing cocks' feathers in their hats, starts from the Porta Romano along a road thick with mud in winter, covered with dust in summer, and passes the monastery on its onward way to some village in the hills. The horses drawing the vehicle are gaily bedecked with coloured tassels waving from their ears; broad copper medals bearing the image of the good St. Anthony, patron and protector of animals, on their foreheads; chains of little brass bells around their necks.

One January day, the sky being clear, the air sharp and bracing, we started for La Certosa, taking our places beside the driver of the diligence, and were borne merrily along; but it was not until we had left the village of Galluzzo, with its new street of white-washed houses, that we caught sight of a hill covered with the rich grey of olive-trees, the dark green of cypresses, and the withered red-brown branches of vines, on the top of which rose the battlemented walls of the monastery; full four hundred feet above a ravine through which loud-voiced torrents rush in winter weather.

Descending from our conveyance, and approaching by a steep and narrow lane, our way led us under an ancient gate, through which without special permission no woman could enter, no monk dared pass. The order is that of the Carthusian, a branch of the great Benedictines, and is governed by rules that are rigorous indeed. The monks devote their time to the cultivation of their land, the making of wine, to study, and to prayer; but few hours being given to rest, which is taken upon straw mattresses. From the beginning of the year to the end, from the day they enter to the hour

they die, they may not speak, save by special leave, or in reply to the prior. Two of them, however, are appointed to hold communication with the outer world—the porter and the guide. These are selected by the prior, and may continue in their offices for years, or may at any moment be ordered back to the ranks, never more to hold conversation with their fellow-men.

Their clothing consists of a hair-cloth garment under the white-cowled habit made in the form of a scapular—that is, hanging down before and behind, joined at the sides by a band of the same rough woollen material. Their heads are shaven, their feet sandalled, and their diet consists of one meal a day, at which meat is never used; but which is chiefly composed of pulse, bread, and water. This meal is moreover eaten in solitude, save on feast-days, when a silent white and shadow-like company gathers round the board in the great refectory.

The porter led us to a waiting-room sparsely furnished and spotlessly clean, where we were presently joined by a monk, a man with a wrinkled brown face and dark earnest eyes, in whose expression or manner was an entire absence of sadness or severity. The greater number of monks belonging to the monastery had been banished, he told us, and when the few now remaining died their home would become deserted, and this monastery would become merely "a national monument," like the Certosa di Pavia, near Milan, famous alike for its architecture, the richness of its carvings, the splendour of its marbles, the number of its paintings, the magnificence of its decorations. Many of their pictures had been seized by the Government, and placed in the Accademia delle Belle Arti in Florence. He made no complaint, spoke no words of reproach, as he, a white-clad and noiseless-footed figure, led us into the church, built in the grand Florentine style. The interior, with its Gothic window resplendent with painted glass, handsomely carved and richly inlaid stalls, ancient frescoes, ornamental pavements, marble altars, and silver lamps, was solemn and impressive. In dusky side chapels are paintings by Fra Angelico and Benvenuti. A flight of steps leads down to a subterranean and yet more sombre church, where the founder of the monastery has lain in peace through the changes and turmoils of centuries. A full-length statue represents him clad in armour, lying beneath a canopy supported by four twisted columns, and around him, in death as in life, are his family.

We strolled through silent courts and sunny cloisters, our guide telling us, in reply to our questions, he has spent more than forty years in this monastery, where he came some time after he had passed his thirtieth year. He had been married, but his wife died, he added; and then came a pause, during which we wondered what was the cause of his abandoning the world and seeking a seclusion almost as profound as the tomb. The years had passed, he continued presently, a gentle smile brightening his face, almost as days. He knew neither weariness nor sadness—indeed, he had never rightly understood what peace and happiness meant until he embraced a religious life and bade the world farewell.

As he said this we came to a large court facing the church, and surrounded by apartments, over the door of one of which was a bust of Pius VI., who lived here for a time when obliged by the French to quit Rome. The monks' cells open on an inner cloister surrounded by colonnades. Each has a little house, consisting of three rooms, to himself, furnished in the poorest and barest manner—with a chair, a table, a straw mattress covered with a piece of felt by way of bed-clothing, a crucifix on the wall, a few books upon a shelf. In one of the apartments is an aperture, outside which the daily meal is placed; and the windows look upon a burial-ground where, with nothing but a cross to mark the spot, those who had here lived happily and died calmly, lie, scarcely more silent in death than they had been in life.

In the centre of another court is a handsome well, descending fathoms deep into the rock, its white marble and black iron ornamentation said to be designed by Michael Angelo. Then we came to the refectory, large, dark, and cold. Here, when they meet, the monks are enjoined "to keep their eyes on the dish, their hands on the table, their attention on the reader, and their hearts fixed on God." Descending flights of steps and taking various turnings, we at last, to our surprise, reached a shop, behind whose counters two young men with smoothly brushed hair and white linen aprons, stood waiting to serve such customers as came from the village to purchase oil made from the olives growing on the hillside, candles manufactured on the premises, medicines and ointments made from herbs and famous for their cures of bruises and burns, and cordials to soothe pain. The Chartreuse liqueur, in quaintly shaped vase-like bottles, was also for sale, but was chiefly bought by visitors to the monastery.

Those to whom faith is but a name, this world the sole reality, the future but a dream, will find it difficult to realise that hundreds of men in the possession of their senses, with trained intellects and cultured minds, have voluntarily secluded themselves from their fellow-men, resigned themselves to silence, subdued their senses, abandoned all that is fairest in life and dearest to possession, that they may serve God with undivided hearts, in the hope of obtaining eternal reward in the world to come.

J. F. M.

Someone having asserted that the canary has really no "native wood-notes wild," and that it is only in captivity that he learns to sing, it is now authoritatively denied by a resident in Madeira, who has lived for some years in the Canary Isles. He tells us that the wild green canary—the original stock from which the yellow cage-bird is derived (the yellow colour being only the result of domestication) has in its native haunts a most beautiful song. "They build [he adds] largely in our own garden, and I can assure the writer of your article that if he were transported to Madeira early one spring morning and heard the chorus of exquisite song rising from the little throats of the wild canaries he would never again say theirs was merely a borrowed one." This witness goes further, and affirms that those who have only heard the caged canary do not know the mellow sweetness of the wild canary's song.

## Caution to Parents.

THE delicate Skin of Infants and Children is particularly liable to injury from coarse and unrefined Toilet Soap, which is commonly adulterated with the most pernicious ingredients: hence frequently, the irritability, redness, and blotchy appearance of the Skin from which many children suffer. It should be remembered that ARTIFICIALLY COLOURED SOAPS are FREQUENTLY POISONOUS, particularly the Red, Blue, and Green varieties; and nearly all Toilet Soaps contain an excess of Soda. Very white Soaps, such as "Curd," usually contain much more soda than others, owing to the use of cocoa nut oil, which makes a bad, strongly alkaline Soap very injurious to the Skin, besides leaving a disagreeable odour on it. The serious injury to children resulting from these Soaps often remains unsuspected in spite of Nature's warnings, until the unhealthy and irritable condition of the Skin has developed into some unsightly disease, not infrequently baffling the skill of the most eminent Dermatologists.

## PEARS' TRANSPARENT SOAP

IS RECOMMENDED AS ABSOLUTELY PURE;  
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IT IS DELIGHTFULLY PERFUMED, REMARKABLY DURABLE,  
AND HAS BEEN IN GOOD REPUTE NEARLY 100 YEARS,  
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The property of the Proprietors of PEARS' Soap.

May be used to the thinness of a wafer—No Waste.





# St. Jacobs Oil

**The Right Reverend Bishop Richardson, D.D.**—"I have many opportunities of testing St. Jacobs Oil in cases of rheumatism, and think it a valuable remedy."

**Lady Florence Dixie** says: "That having used St. Jacobs Oil for a sprained foot, the result was most marvellous; before a week had elapsed she was able to get about, and in ten days the foot was as sound as ever."

**Mr. Henry Tollemache, M.P.**, says: "I have received much benefit by the use of St. Jacobs Oil."

**"Sunday Times"** says: "That the extraordinary merits of St. Jacobs Oil as a cure for rheumatism and neuralgia are being rapidly recognised."

**Rev. W. J. Caulfield Browne, M.A.**, Rector, Kiltford Rectory, says: "My parishioners, and every recommendation, use St. Jacobs Oil."

**Henry and Ann Bright**, Hon. Superintendents of the North London Home for Aged Christian Blind Women, say that "St. Jacobs Oil has proved unfailing in the Home for rheumatism and neuralgia."

**Rev. Edward Singleton, M.A., D.D.**, 30, Bournevue Road, Streatham, said: "St. Jacobs Oil removed all pain directly."

**"Sunday School Chronicle."**—"Recommends St. Jacobs Oil for rheumatism and neuralgia as the most effectual cure ever known."

**"Christian Million."**—"St. Jacobs Oil must prove of incalculable value to the army of sufferers from rheumatism and kindred ailments."

**"The Christian Globe"** says: "A man employed at Central Fish Market, London, was for three years helpless with rheumatism, and after having been sent to three different hospitals was declared incurable. After four days' use of St. Jacobs Oil he could use his arm without pain. Continuing the use of it, all pain, swelling, and stiffness disappeared. He is now cured and at work."

**"Christian World."**—"It is impossible to say too much in favour of the astonishing efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil in severe cases of rheumatism."

**"Christian Age."**—"The Rev. G. Duncan, D.D., states that he recommends St. Jacobs Oil for rheumatism and neuralgia as the most effectual cure he has ever known."

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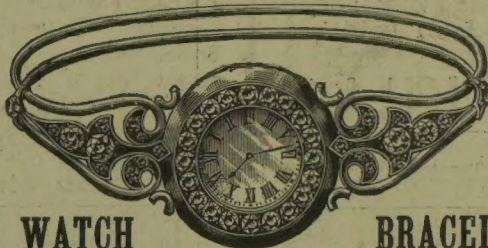
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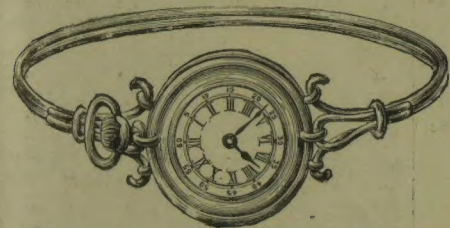
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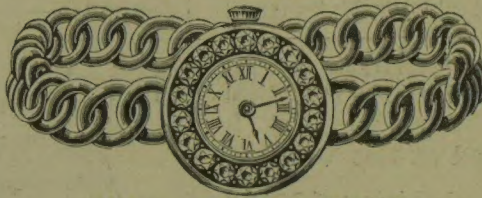


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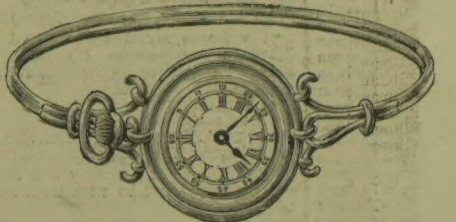
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No other exhibit from Ireland received such an expression of opinion of excellence as the above.  
OUR EXHIBIT comprised the following:—The Royal Damasks, the Celebrated Downshire Sheeting and Pillow Linen, Huckaback and Damask Towels and Towelling, Tea and Glass Cloths, Hemstitched and Embroidered Pillow Covers and Pillow Shams, our Celebrated Snow White Bleach Cambric Handkerchiefs, Gentlemen's Shirts, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Collars and Cuffs made from our well-known Snow White Bleach Brand of Belfast Linen.

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**Damasks.**—Table Cloths, about 2 yards square, 2/11, 3/6, 4/6, 5/3, 6/6, 7/6 each; about 2 yards wide by 2 1/2 yards long, 3/9, 4/3, 5/9, 6/6, 8/-, 9/-, 10/- each; to dine six people, about 2 by 3 yards, 4/6, 5/6, 6/6, 7/6, 9/6, 11/-, 11/6 each; to dine four to six people, about 2 1/2 yards square, 6/9, 7/9, 9/-, 10/6, 12/-, 14/6 each; to dine six to eight people, about 2 1/2 by 3 yards, 8/-, 9/-, 11/6, 13/6, 15/-, 16/9 each; to dine eight to ten people, about 3 1/2 by 3 1/2 yards, 9/6, 11/-, 13/6, 15/-, 18/-, 19/6 each; to dine ten to twelve people, 16/9 each.

about 2 1/2 by 4 yards, 11/-, 12/6, 15/6, 17/6, 20/-, 22/6 each; to dine fourteen to sixteen people, 2 1/2 by 5 yards, 19/6, 21/-, 24/-, 28/- each. Larger sizes, up to 8 yards long, always in stock. Damask Table Napkins, 8 by 4 size, 2/11, 3/6, 4/-, 4/6, 5/6, 6/6, 7/6 per dozen; 1 1/2 by 4 size, 4/11, 5/9, 6/9, 7/6, 8/6, 9/6, 10/6, 11/6, 16/- per dozen. Kitchen Table Cloths, 1/-, 1/3, 1/6, 2/-, 2/6, to 4/- each.  
**Bleached, Plain, and Twilled Linen Sheeting, &c.**—70 to 72 inches wide, plain, 1/8, 1/11, 2/3, 2/11 per yard; 88 to 90 inches wide, plain, 2/3, 2/6, 2/11, 3/9 per yard; 70 to 72 inches wide, twill, 1/11, 2/3, 2/7 per yard; 88 to 90 inches wide, twill, 2/6, 2/11, 3/4 per yard. Challenge Linen Sheeting, 90 inches, plain, 2/4 per yard. Diapers—Nursery, from 6d. per yard; Bird-Eye, from 8d. per yard. Linen Pillow Cases, plain, 8/4, 10/4, 12/4, 14/4, 16/4, 18/4, 20/4, 22/4, 24/4, 26/4, 28/4, 30/4, 32/4, 34/4, 36/4, 38/4, 40/4, 42/4, 44/4, 46/4, 48/4, 50/4, 52/4, 54/4, 56/4, 58/4, 60/4, 62/4, 64/4, 66/4, 68/4, 70/4, 72/4, 74/4, 76/4, 78/4, 80/4, 82/4, 84/4, 86/4, 88/4, 90/4, 92/4, 94/4, 96/4, 98/4, 100/4 per dozen. Glass Cloths, 3/6, 4/6, 5/6, 6/6, 7/6, 8/6, 9/6 per dozen. Linen Dusters, 3/6, 4/6, 5/6, 6/6 per dozen. Roller Towelling, 16 inches, 3/4, 5/4, 6/4, 7/4, 8/4, 9/4, 10/4, 11/4, 12/4, 13/4, 14/4, 15/4, 16/4, 17/4, 18/4, 19/4, 20/4, 21/4, 22/4, 23/4, 24/4, 25/4, 26/4, 27/4, 28/4, 29/4, 30/4, 31/4, 32/4, 33/4, 34/4, 35/4, 36/4, 37/4, 38/4, 39/4, 40/4, 41/4, 42/4, 43/4, 44/4, 45/4, 46/4, 47/4, 48/4, 49/4, 50/4, 51/4, 52/4, 53/4, 54/4, 55/4, 56/4, 57/4, 58/4, 59/4, 60/4, 61/4, 62/4, 63/4, 64/4, 65/4, 66/4, 67/4, 68/4, 69/4, 70/4, 71/4, 72/4, 73/4, 74/4, 75/4, 76/4, 77/4, 78/4, 79/4, 80/4, 81/4, 82/4, 83/4, 84/4, 85/4, 86/4, 87/4, 88/4, 89/4, 90/4, 91/4, 92/4, 93/4, 94/4, 95/4, 96/4, 97/4, 98/4, 99/4, 100/4 per yard.  
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## THE COURT.

The Duchess of Albany arrived at Balmoral Castle on Oct. 23. Viscount Cranbrook, Miss Heron Maxwell, the Rev. Canon Duckworth, D.D., and Sir Robert Collins had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. In the evening her Majesty and the Duchess of Albany and Prince Henry of Battenberg witnessed a theatrical performance, in which Princess Beatrice and some ladies and gentlemen of the Royal household took part. The following had the honour of being invited and of being received by the Queen afterwards: Lord Borthwick, Sir Algernon and Lady Borthwick (who was unable to come), Miss Borthwick, Miss Lillias Borthwick, the Hon. Lady Biddulph, Miss Biddulph, Miss M. Ponsonby, Miss Lister, Miss Sybil, Miss Heron Maxwell, Sir Robert Collins, the Rev. Canon Duckworth, D.D., Mr. Victor Biddulph, Captain and Mrs. Pierrepont Brooke, and Lieutenants Charles Findlay and Arthur Egerton, 79th Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders. The Duchess of Albany arrived at the castle again on the 24th, and dined with the Queen. Viscount Cranbrook, Miss McNeill, the Hon. Evelyn Paget, Miss Heron Maxwell, Sir John Clark, Bart., Sir Robert Collins, Colonel J. Clerk, Mr. Muther, Dr. Reid, and Major-General T. Dennehy had the honour of being included in the Royal dinner party.

In the evening her Majesty, with their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Albany and Prince Henry of Battenberg, witnessed a repetition of the previous day's theatrical performance. The following had the honour of being invited and of being received by her Majesty afterwards: the Hon. Lady and Miss Biddulph, Mr. Victor Biddulph, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Maude and Miss Maude, Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. O'Callaghan, R.A., Miss M. Ponsonby, Miss Heron Maxwell, the Rev. Archibald and Mrs. Campbell, the Rev. James and Mrs. Middleton, the Rev. David and Mrs. Ross, Sir Robert Collins, the Rev. W. W. Tulloch, and Dr. Noble. The Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor arrived at the castle on the 25th, and had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. Viscount Cranbrook had also the honour of being included in the Royal dinner party. On Sunday morning, the 26th, Divine service was conducted at the castle by the Rev. W. W. Tulloch, B.D., minister of Maxwell parish, Glasgow, in the presence of the Queen, the Royal family, and her Majesty's household. The Queen, with Princess Beatrice, and attended by Miss McNeill, went to Abergeldie Mains, and honoured the Hon. Lady Biddulph with a visit. Viscount Cranbrook, the Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor, and the Rev. W. W. Tulloch had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. Her Majesty the Queen has presented a

gold bracelet, with a large pearl set in diamonds, to Miss Kentish Moore, who recently had the honour of singing to her Majesty at Balmoral.

The Prince of Wales returned to England on Oct. 23. Accompanied by the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, his Royal Highness lunched with Princess Louise, the Duchess of Fife, and the Duke, at their residence in Portman-square. The Prince and suite visited the Gaiety Theatre on the 24th, and witnessed the performance of "Carmen Up to Date." The Princess, attended by Miss Knollys and Major-General Sir Dighton-Probyn, arrived at Marlborough House on the 25th from Sandringham. The Prince was present at the marriage, at St. Peter's, Eaton-square, of Lady Louise de Vere Beauclerk, eldest daughter of the Duke of St. Albans, with Mr. Gerald Loder, M.P. His Royal Highness afterwards went to the wedding breakfast given by the Duke and Duchess of St. Albans at their residence in Grosvenor-crescent. In the evening the Prince and Princess, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Fife, were present at the performance of "The English Rose," at the Adelphi Theatre. On Sunday morning, the 26th, the Prince and Princess were present at Divine service. The Duchess of Fife visited their Royal Highnesses, and remained to luncheon. The Prince and Princess left Marlborough House on the 27th, on a visit to the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry.

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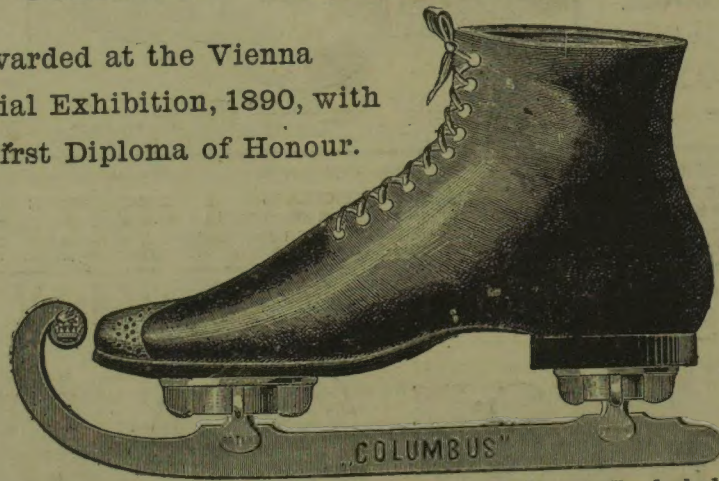
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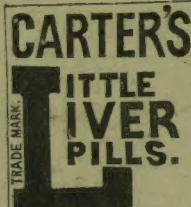
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